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VOGUE

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PENATI

COVER: Luxurious riot-of-colour—brilliant art-nouveau flowers blossoming on a long evening dress of sizzling pink cut-velvet, slit open at the collar and strewn with crunchy silk camellias. . . . Bravissimo, the word for the makeup here, all from Eve of Roma, Italy's makeup genius whose ideas are brightening U.S. faces: Roman Glow #1, the cream that started the rush to tawny blushers, warming the cheeks; Mink 'n Gold plus Taupe eye shadows widening the eyes, and the richest shade of pink, Eve's lipstick #12, dazzling the mouth. Dress by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Staron silk coupe de velours. Charles Elkaim earrings. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Alan of Kenneth coiffure.

FASHION

67 Vogue's eye view: the girl in the spotted veil
68 Maya Plisetskaya photographed by Richard Avedon
74 Paris: new pants for night looks; Chanel's great plaid coat
78 The fur coat for everyone: this is the year
86 Hey Days: the demi-long coat; the admiralty coat; longer-jacket turnouts; the jumper; herringbone plaid; the day dress with the waist defined
92 Vogue Patterns: pale little heyday dresses
106 Two for the road—the Cossack tunic dress with pants
108 The explorers: fashion that's yours for the discovery—great leather looks; challis at night; the officer's coat; the stormcoat; tunics and pants; sweater treasure
144 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, and Observations

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

94 People Are Talking About . . . Donald Pleasence
96 Backstage with Dick, Hubie, and George. By Susan Brownmiller
98 Audrey Cohen and the Women's Talent Corps
100 What Organ Transplants Mean to Your Life. By Jesse L. Carr, M.D., and François Leydet
130 A Photographer Explores Peru. Notes by John Cowan
134 President Fernando Belaúnde Terry of Peru
135 Peru: Land of the All-Possible, and Its Explorers of Power, Art, and Learning
142 The Pre-Columbian Gold of Miguel Mujica Gallo

FASHIONS IN LIVING

140 Señora Maria Valdez de Thorndike in Her House Above Lima

BEAUTY

38 Vogue's Ready Beauty
46 Beauty Checkout: Norell on Norell; Carol Cole on Carol Cole
102 Beauty Bulletin: Vogue's hair view; it's real George
104 Beauty Bulletin: Gloria Cooper's makeup to last the night

DEPARTMENTS

52 Vogue's Notebook: A Party in Southampton
54 Vogue's Spotlight: Travel. By Despina Messinesi
56 Vogue's Spotlight: Money. By Henry C. Wallich
58 Vogue's Spotlight: Movies. By Barbara Long
60 Vogue's Spotlight: Education. By Donald Barr
62 Vogue's Spotlight: Pop Music. By Richard Goldstein
65 Men In Vogue . . . Notes, Quotes, and Votes

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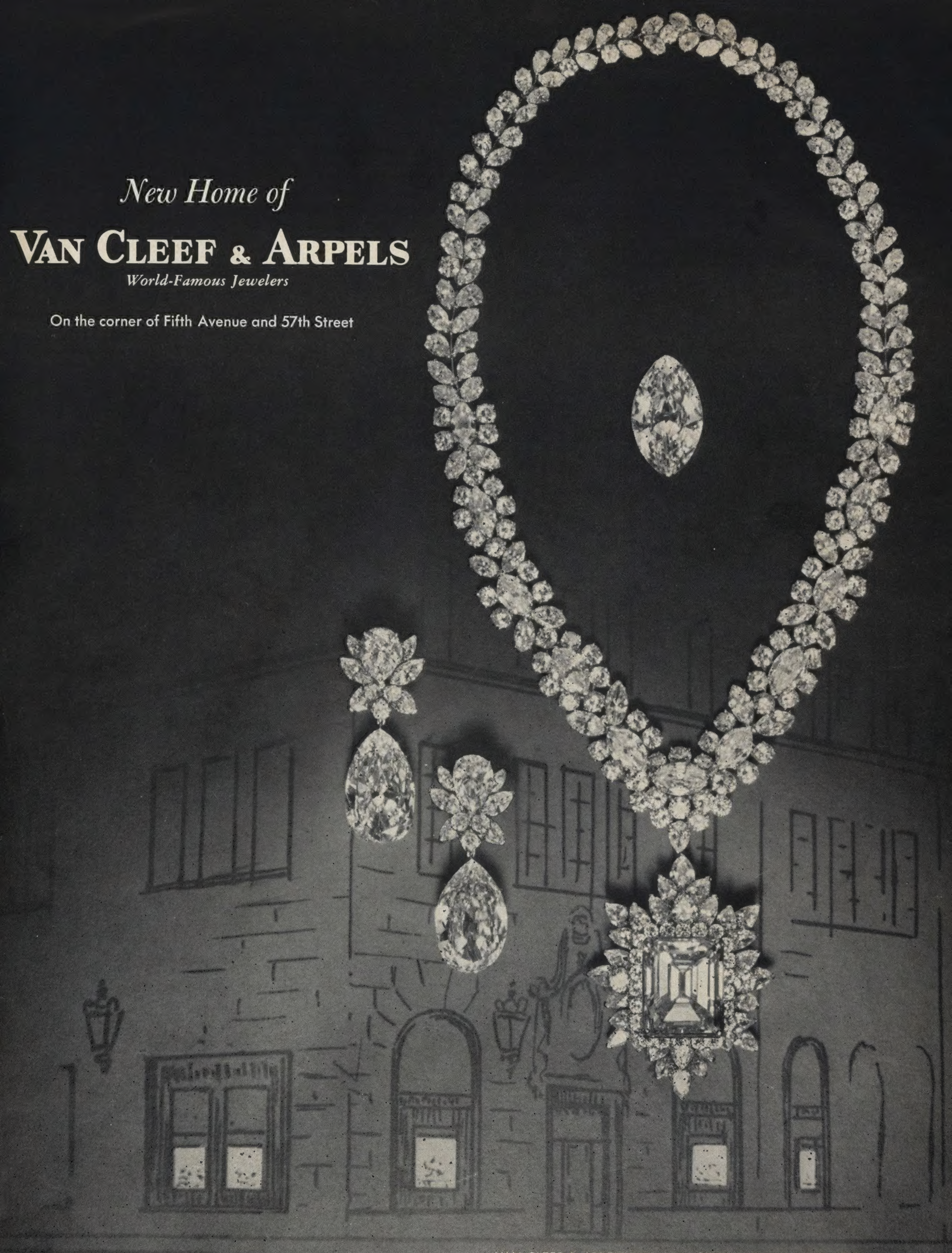


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Steam bathing: neck on up

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You learn a lot about men in twenty years

There is, among our acquaintances, the occasional male who doubts the benefits of, or laughs too loudly at, the need for certain men's products. Yet it is this self-same male, we suspect, who secretly yearns for the same benefits to complexion and skin offered to his wife—without the pretty names and containers the remedies seem wrapped in. After twenty years of offering up "A Man's Cologne" clearly for men only, Wolff Freres have added seven Men's Improvers, clearly for the good grooming of men only. Among them, a bronzer, a pre-shave conditioner, a shower shampoo, a brisk Arctic Lotion. A hair groom spray that shouldn't alarm him with wild thoughts of lacquer—it's just sprayed-on discipline that hair respects. Windproof, invisible buffer against elements. A hand conditioner for the sportsman who's sure his hands must look like the inside of a first baseman's glove. All for the non-hero torn between the manly need and the heretofore feminine alternatives. . . .



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Elizabeth.....Goerke's
Hopewell.....Casual Shop
Moorestown....The Country Way
Newark.....Bamberger's
Newark.....Canadian Fur Co.
Paramus.....Canadian Fur Co.
Passaic.....Canadian Fur Co.
Pennsville.....The Country Way
Phillipsboro.....Orr's Dept. Store
Plainfield.....Goerke's
Trenton.....Sy-Lene
Warren..Milady's Emporium, Ltd.
Willingboro.....Pomeroy's

New York

Amherst.....Jenss Dept. Stores
Binghamton.....
Fowler, Dick & Walker
Buffalo.....
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Buffalo.....Wm. Hengerer's
Canton.....Smith's
Endicott.....Burt's Dept. Store
New York.....Lord & Taylor
Ithaca.....Rothschild's
Niagara Falls...Jenss Dept. Stores
Rochester.....B. Forman Co.
Rochester.....McCurdy's
Rochester..Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
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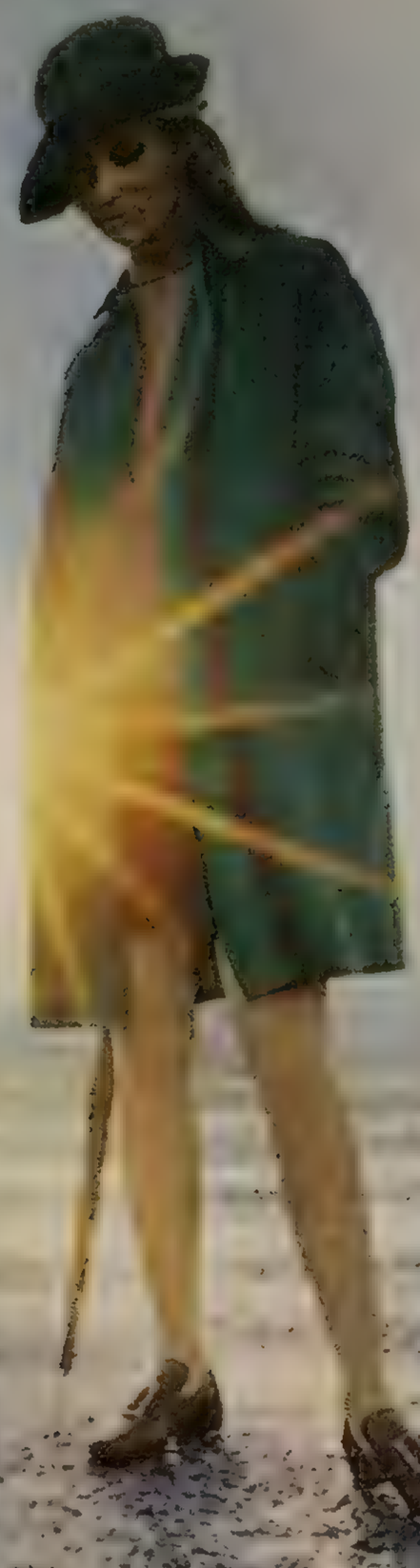
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

October 15

Norell on the newest Norell



Norman Norell, master fashion designer, speaking: "I always wanted to create a fragrance because I think this is the only way a designer can expand his line without spreading himself too thin. In fact, a fragrance enhances a designer's line." So, after a year of experimentation, Norell the designer introduces Norell the perfume. For the moment, at least, it's one scent only, which he hopes to expand—with perfumed drawer liners and scent to fill up a room —to make a totally perfumed environment. As we go to press, Norell's tight security has leaked nary a whiff, but the stopper's pulled this month. To describe its birth and breeding, we'll turn again to the master's voice. Norell on Norell: "I am an American. I work in America. I make clothes for American women. It is natural that I would choose to create an American fragrance. This fragrance is somewhat reflective of my clothes. We're known for clean-cut, simple design, and it's like that: direct, uncomplicated. I don't like heavy, vampy, old-fashioned fragrances—the femme-fatale aroma. I prefer fresh, floral, green-y perfumes with personality. Perhaps it's because I love the warm weather, the flowers and greens spring and summer produce. . . . I wanted the bottle to have a gutsy, solid shape that felt heavy and good in the hand; no long skinny things that tip over and spill. The edges were mitred to give the bottle a clean, razor-edged look. The colour of the package had to be strong; nothing worked but black and white. And no fancy names. . . . A woman should select one fragrance and live with it all through the day, all through the season. It contributes an identity, and everything she wears takes on that identity. And when you smell the fragrance, you think of her. I think most men—because they appreciate good tailoring—prefer clean lines and strong colours rather than pinks and blues and frilly, giddy clothes, and therefore like fresh, pleasant scents. A perfume has little to do with a woman's sexual or sensual appeal; that lies within the woman herself. Perfume should establish a pleasant association, of freshness and clarity. A fragrance that makes everyone around the woman feel happy and new and high-spirited." Yes. . . .

Carol Cole on Carol Cole

Carol Cole is an actress. Charmed Broadway last season in *Weekend,* is just finishing up one movie, *The Model Shop,* and starting on another, *The Mad Room.* She's the daughter of Nat King Cole—a fact her sexy, wide-set eyes might clue you in on—and a beauty of twenty-three who knows her look and how to get it. "You should look like yourself, create and preserve the image of your choice. Part of it is knowing who you are. Preserve *yourself* and you can be flexible." What's special, and especially appealing, about her look is her marvellous poufy tousle of tiny, shiny black curls. Goes like this: pushed into poufhood with end of a thin, brushless paintbrush, individual curls then brushed around finger with baby's silver toothbrush dipped in water, a set of them framing her face, then allover spray of Yardley's London Shiner. She's *herself* . . . and adorable. . . .



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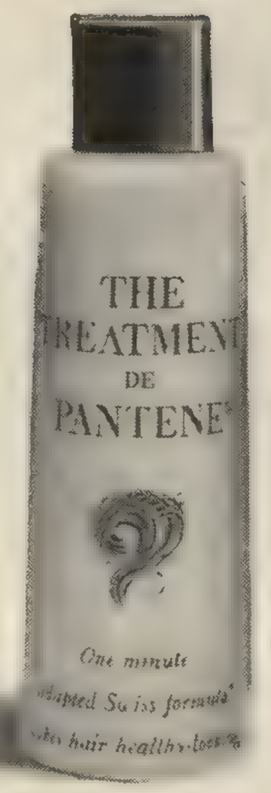
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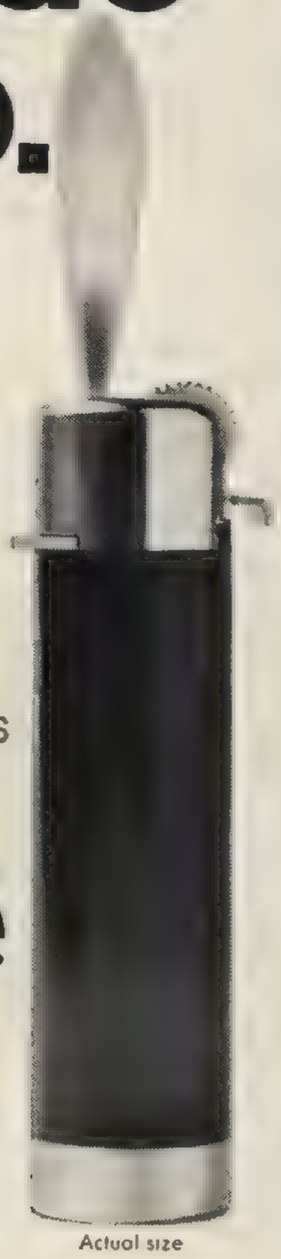
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VOGUE'S

A breeze of a party in Southampton, Long Island



1



2



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6

"Unless you were wearing a Pucci or long flowery culottes, they might not let you in the hospital," said one guest at this party. No invalids here, but a buoyant mash of people out to rouse help for the Southampton Hospital. More than five hundred guests—many from the Hamptons—flowed across the lawns of Irving Inn to a tented pink-and-white pavilion, floored in fake grass, filled with live music. The action, packed into a few twilight hours, gave time enough for tangoing to Bill Harrington's combo, for pulling numbers in the raffles game. A cornucopia—for those who lucked-in: Two young men won one diamond-and-gold bracelet between

NOTEBOOK



7



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10

them. The top take, however, went to the Southampton Hospital—a booster shot of $63,500.

1. The pink-and-white striped party tent. 2. Mr. Richard Adler, Mrs. Ritchey Banker. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick Stephenson. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Eric Javits. 5. Mrs. Duer McLanahan. 6. Mrs. Chester Dale. 7. The post-party scene. 8. Mrs. John Curry. 9. Mrs. Robert L. Gerry. 10. Mrs. J. Anthony Forstmann. 11. Mrs. Merrill Magowan, chairman of the committee; Mr. Charles A. Van Rensselaer. 12. Mrs. Leontis T. Teryazos, Mrs. Theodore L. Teryazos. 13. Mr. and Mrs. Kasimir Korybut-Daszkiewicz.



11



12



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Travel

PERU, in the process of change

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

"Peru is a difficult, sometimes uncomfortable, and, in places, cold country—I was thrilled every minute," said a North American woman travelling in Peru. . . . Peru is for the intrepid, for those who can cope with the caprice of its geography—cloud-draped Andean peaks, hill-tall dunes sprayed by the Pacific, vast stretches of green—and hotels that with a few exceptions have been cheerless and indifferent to the needs of guests. . . .

Now, a change is in process: Many national hotels are being converted to private enterprise, and a new program financed by HASA (Hotel Associates, South America) is in work to develop hotels around this South American country more than twice the size of Spain. . . . Partners in HASA are Western Hotels, Deltec and Adela (investment companies), and Braniff International, which runs more flights to Peru than other airlines. HASA's first two projects are planned to open early next year.

One of these two projects is Mercado del Sol, an arrangement of shops and a restaurant in a handsome old house in the centre of Lima, Peru's Spanishy capital city. Three courtyards will be shopping arcades, and one will look like an Indian market selling everything native; the great salon and library of the house will be revamped into a bar and restaurant. Project two is a beach club complex some thirty-three miles south of Lima at Santa Maria, that spectacular span of coast with miles and miles of bald beige sand dunes and pounding Pacific rollers excellent for surfing. Hotel guests in Lima will be given guest privileges to the thatched cabañas and bar next spring, and to the clubhouse, pool, and hotel when they are built. . . . HASA's third ambitious scheme, which will be ready in about a year, involves a golf course with a small hotel and pool at the foothills of the Andes mountains near Chosica. The countryside around here is well-known for its infallible sunshine during the season of damp chill in Lima, and many people from Lima have built attractive houses in gardens with pools to escape to.

AT PLAY IN LIMA: For travellers the hub of Lima is still the Gran Hotel Bolivar, centred on a plaza in the most attractive part of old Lima, surrounded by the best shops. The Bolivar, competently run by a management past surprise, is one of those cherishing hotels, warm, bright, comfortable—a place to come home to. The round lobby under an enchanting glass dome like a giant Tiffany lampshade has been called by Limeños "the snake pit," because everyone meets everyone there; and waiters with the souls of nannies serve morning coffee, afternoon tea, cocktails, or bedtime broth, often all at the same time. Peruvians know the Bolivar for the best pisco sours in town, and the excellent *cebiche,* fish marinated in bitter orange juice and flavoured with the ever-present *aji,* a pepper doubtless onomatopoetically named by the first man who tasted it.

Other perennially good Lima restaurants to which travellers quickly shoot off: *Las Trece Monedas,* expensive, good, serving classic French food, is run by no-joking Swiss in a splendid Colonial house filled with Colonial art and furnishings. This eat-in museum hides behind wooden courtyard doors, with no sign outside. . . . *Le Pavillon,* modern, and sharply red, white, and black, on the second floor of an office building, serves good French food but makes, too, a thing of Peruvian cooking, valuing the country's marvellous seafood, assessing the best Peruvian wines. . . . *91,* on top of one of the tallest buildings, has a sweeping view of Lima, which by day looks like a grisaille. The food at 91 is French-Italian: excellent fettucine, especially good with a thin steak à la Diana. . . . Everywhere the fresh vegetables and fruits are extraordinary, the avocados among the best in the world in this land of the never winter.

LIMA BOUND: Every day, two and often as many as three Braniff International jets fly New York to Lima, Peru, and the same number fly Lima to New York. Braniff's nonstop weekly flight, New York to Lima, takes off soon after midnight every Monday, arrives in Lima about seven-thirty in the morning. Other flights leaving New York in early afternoon stop at Miami, Panama City, or Bogota, land in Lima in time for the late Spanish dinner hour.

On the home stretch, some flights stop at Miami where passengers go through entry and customs formalities instead of doing so at New York's John F. Kennedy Airport where they step out, quite carefree, into a domestic terminal.

Americans travelling to Peru must carry passports but do not need visas. They need $2 tourist cards filled out at the airline counter. Passengers leaving Lima each pay a $6.75 exit tax.

Round-trip air fare New York to Lima, Peru, is, in first class, $676; in economy class, $521; excursion fare for a visit to Peru of no less than fourteen days and no longer than thirty days, $450.

MANOEUVRING IN THE SIERRAS: For the wonders of Cuzco at a breathless eleven thousand feet, warm clothes are essential. Women should wear country clothes under heavy coats, warm gloves, and rubber-soled climbing shoes. . . . Damp collected through the centuries penetrates; hotels have no central heating. Gentle and kind hotel maids speak almost no Spanish, only Quechua, the language of the Incas.

On the spectacular train trip from Cuzco to Machu Picchu, the train stops at Ollantaytambo where the conductors go to a peasant hut. In spite of its unpromising exterior, the Indians inside serve excellent coffee with hot steamed tamales—white cornmeal with onions—wrapped in corn husks. . . . Another country specialty is unleavened peasant bread baked in outdoor ovens.

At nearly seven thousand feet, the air at Machu Picchu, that masterpiece of Inca masonry, is warm and pleasant.

Callejón de Huaylas is the name of the extraordinarily noble hundred-mile-long valley between the Cordillera Blanca and the Cordillera Negra, two mountain ranges of the Andes north of Lima. Beneath the snowed twenty-thousand-foot peaks, mountain slopes are golden with wheat and corn. The main town of Huarás is in the full-blown business of training mountain climbers who usually live in the nearby town of Monterry at the small Monterry Hotel (efficiently run by Germans) and swim in its hot sulphur pool. . . . At nearly ten thousand feet, Huarás is crisp and Octoberish; but higher in the mountains, the cold is fierce. . . . One comfortable solution is to wear the local rubber boots over a pair of brilliant wool socks knitted by the village women.

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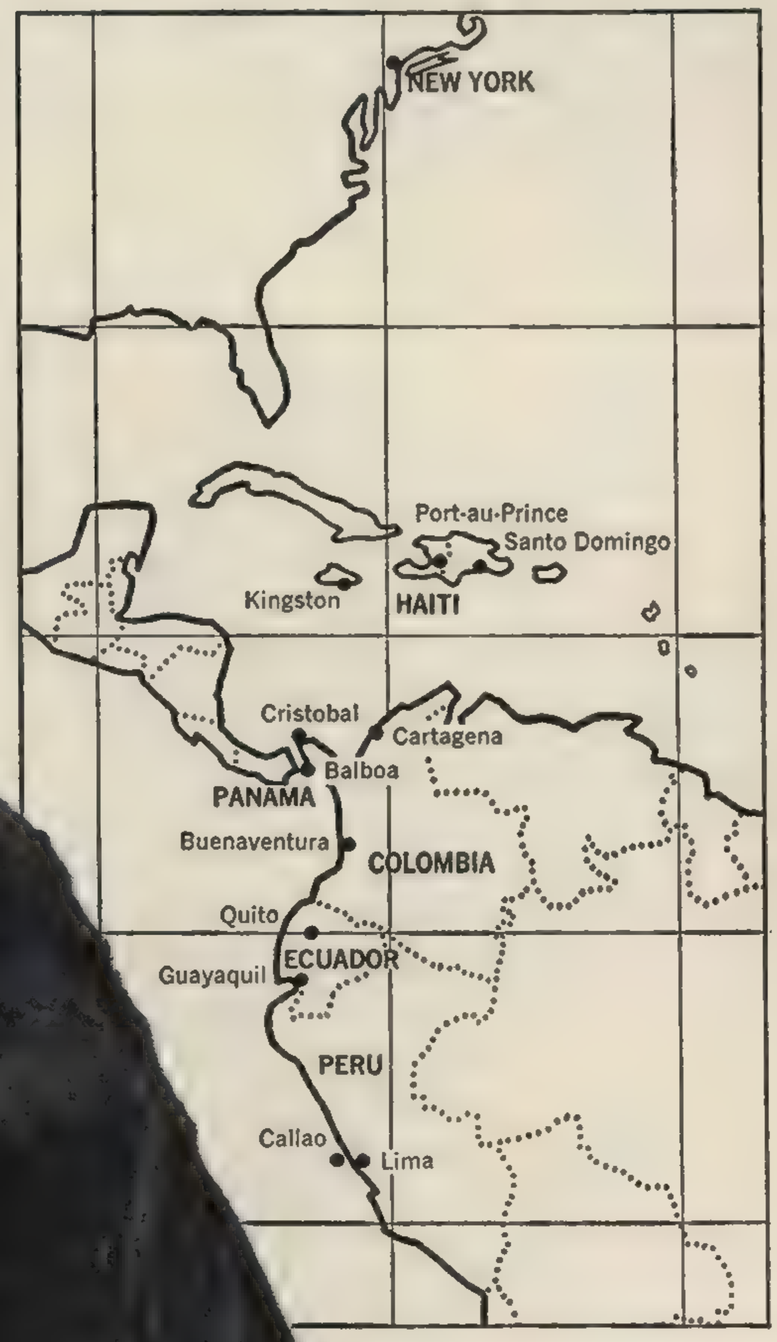
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Money

BY HENRY C. WALLICH

The Cost of Education

Last September, about six and a half million young men and women proceeded on their way to some institution of higher learning, leaving behind several million parents to worry about the bills. The magnitude of the damage varies. A day student at a modest local college may get by with $900 for tuition, books, lunch money, travel, and incidentals. The young man who looks forward to the career of a graduate from an Ivy League college must budget more ambitiously. Tuition of $2,000 or better, room and board of at least half that much, and incidentals à la carte may add up to $4,000 or better. Where is that kind of money coming from?

That same question is being asked also by several million parents whose young are not yet of college age. By 1974, about nine million students will be in colleges and universities, if their predecessors don't meanwhile tear the colleges apart.

College costs have been rising at something like 5 per cent annually in recent years. Suppose some grandfather were to endow a newly born grandchild with the full cost of a college education at today's prices and put the money into a savings account at current interest rates. If present trends continue, the money plus interest would barely suffice when the child reaches college age. Young marrieds who are starting to save for the education, at a top college, of three unborn children must plan on financing something like $100,000.

Fortunately, few parents will have to raise these astronomical costs out of their incomes. Parents with low and moderate incomes can count on very generous assistance. Some schools, like Yale, already accept applicants purely on qualifications, regardless of their resources. Whoever gets in gets aid, based on what the parents can afford to pay. Poor parents pay nothing.

The typical college supplies aid for students from three principal sources: gift scholarships, term-time jobs, and student loans. The first two depend largely on the college's own resources of aid funds and job opportunities. Jobs can be increased by the Federal Government's work-study program. Loan programs are partly private but increasingly based on public support. They are rapidly becoming more generous. At Yale, interest is 3 per cent, with a maximum total loan amount of $3,000 over four years and $300 annual repayment following the student's final degree.

Crucial for the parents is the way the college calculates what they can afford to pay. This is done by a standard formula, complex but uniform for most colleges, which takes account of income assets, number of children, and an assortment of family complications that would do credit to a soap opera. For a family of three children, aid even at the most expensive schools normally cuts out at an income of about $20,000. Savings are drawn upon in part—the more a family saves, the more it pays. At the other end of the scale, a family with no assets—other than its three children—and an income of $4,624 pays nothing. At $10,000, the family is assessed $1,270 per student per year for the oldest, with growing quantity discounts on the younger ones. Education is cheap for the poor, expensive for the rich—a great leveler.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY BARBARA LONG

The Charge of the Light Brigade,

"lazy, gorgeous"

Vanessa Redgrave is simply too tall for David Hemmings. During their love scenes in Tony Richardson's *The Charge of the Light Brigade,* she looks like a cow about to devour its young. The movie is so slick, however, so saga-conscious in scale, so petty in detail, so fuzzy in the head, so soft in the belly, that Vanessa Redgrave's Victorian virgin-turned-vampire is no more obtrusive or meretricious an element than a dozen or so others. Perhaps someday a bunch of rowdies will pass by Mr. Richardson in the street and knock off his hat or muss his hair, and we shall be spared any more of his patronizing social realism. The man probably couldn't direct Gorki's *The Lower Depths* without indulging himself in darling cuts from gay cotillions to babies born dead. His downtrodden seem always to suffer most from their aspirations to the nearest drawing room.

During the Crimean War, Britain's crack Light Brigade, best cavalry in the Queen's Army, in 1854 charged into a valley of death carrying out murky manoeuvres involved in the battle of Balaclava and was chewed up by some surprised Russians. A military disaster, the charge of the Light Brigade has been the subject of some exceptionally bad poetry and prose. Using very effective cartoons that serve as transitions to actors portraying heavily caricatured military leaders and, of course, the lazy, gorgeous photography for which he got his reputation, Richardson tries to get at a truth: the human, tragic blundering that caused the slaughter of 670 men who charged that day.

Lord Cardigan, brilliantly played by Trevor Howard, is all alcoholic veins popping at the nose, bluster and corsets, harumps and thumps, noises and talk of "swish and tit." Sir John Gielgud's one-armed Lord Raglan—former diplomatic aide to the Duke of Wellington and supreme commander of British forces in Crimea who had never commanded a force in the fields before—is pathetic, vague, and touching. "Women should think about pretty things," he says to the upper-class camp follower used in the token robust sex scene à la Tom Jones. "Babies are pretty. Flowers are pretty. China is sometimes very pretty." Harry Andrews's Lord Lucan, a brother-in-law to Cardigan, is certainly no more intelligent or serious. The lack of centre in the movie might be blamed on Hemmings's Captain Nolan. Ratty looking, Hemmings is not a hero type, nor is his Captain Nolan, and yet one was led to believe he might be.

Finally, there is no hero, and that's the problem. War is hated because it destroys men. Richardson gives us no men whose death we would mourn. Playing always for all the effects he can grab off, he toys with having the English Oppressed—the guttersnipes recruited into the army, deloused, and flogged from time to time—as Hero, but these same men later, after the disastrous charge, standing wounded and among the dead, cheer their silly Lord Cardigan and ask when he will take them into battle again. With more sense than he has ever shown before, Lord Cardigan tells them they have had enough for one day.

Since some elements in the movie work, the fault would seem to be with the centrifying attitude. Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory* was a very bad antiwar movie, and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* is a very bad *Paths of Glory*.



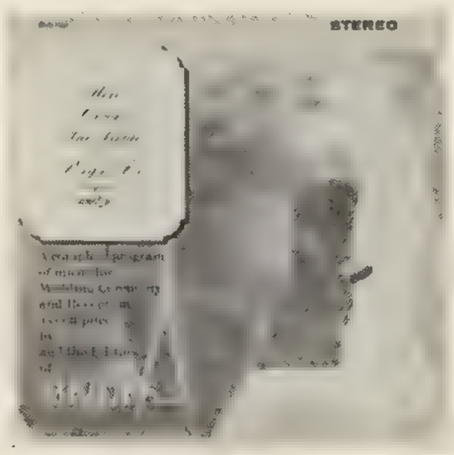
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Education

BY DONALD BARR

Downward Bound, "*motivation is hope*"

Few pessimists become educators, but many educators become pessimists—especially now, when society has turned its notions of success and failure around so that it is no longer students but schools that "succeed" or "fail." An item in the Hartford, Connecticut, *Times* of August 17, 1968, provides a simple instance of the cycle of heavily financed euphoria and sullen reality that American education has been going through. In 1967, Yale University obtained a Federal grant for an "Upward Bound" summer program for disadvantaged high-school students who were "not working up to their potential"; it was designed "not so much to teach subjects as to change attitudes toward learning."

The next summer, Yale again administered the program but this time at little Quinnipiac College rather than on its own campus. There were thirty staff members for ninety students. By the time five of the six weeks were over, the students had repeatedly vandalized the dormitories, ripping down ceiling panels, flooding carpeted floors, and smearing pastel walls with dirt and tar. The director of the program conceded that the damage at Quinnipiac—about $66.66-worth a student—was "a little worse" than the damage at Yale in 1967 and explained that the students "were a highly volatile group." The program ended abruptly, one week ahead of schedule.

This episode is a paradigm of some important principles of education. First: Motivation is not a simple desire to learn, of which the bad student has less and the good student more, but is of two kinds, desirous and hostile, and a student may have both kinds at once. Motivation is hope. It has to do with *the self the child wants to become.*

Second: After the age of seven or so, a child brings his motivation to school with him. This attitude—visceral, pertinacious, a thief's bag of future traits and triumphs snatched from the uncomprehended scene—controls what he learns in school; so it grows more and more unlikely that he will learn a different attitude *towards* school *in* school.

Third: To influence motivation, one should begin when the child is very young. Even "Head Start" programs, working with pre-kindergarten-age children, are often too late. Children can master the language of tears, the language of rage, the language of buffoonery, and the language of silence before they master the language of words.

Fourth: One deals with motivation one child at a time. To assemble a group of students with bad attitudes is to make sure that the worst attitudes will prevail. The students are the primary environment for one another, particularly in adolescence; if the campus environment is out of keeping, the students will defile it.

Fifth: An opportunity should never be offered to a child or adolescent in a coaxing or concessionary manner; it should be exhibited as a high privilege with a high price. One should not say, "This will be good for you." One should say, "You might be good enough for this."

Yet at a time when American schools are expected to wrench millions of children loose from the stultifying lives they have actually lived and to fit them for a future they have never dreamed of, vast sums are poured not into those schools but into glamorous special programs that make ordinary schoolrooms look grubby and ordinary teachers look rigid and preoccupied.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

B. B. King, "father of honky blues"

Offstage, Riley King is a portly black gentleman with an aging veneer and an ageless grin. You might mistake his unassuming geniality for servitude and hand him your hat. Or, if you're a liberal, you might hang your hat on a slogan and hand him that.

But onstage, B. B. (Blues Boy) King is nobody's second. Armed with only his guitar, Lucille, and that wry cherubic grin, he can send shudders of appreciation coursing through any audience. Though he lacks the audacity of youth, he has kept his music vital for nearly twenty years. He earned the right to his stage name long ago by preserving that special brand of down-homey soul against the encroachment of a mass audience that wanted to forget soul's roots. Today, his isolation is long past. With blues an acknowledged art form, B. B. King has become an institution—but a viable one. To a whole new audience of blue-eyed brothers, he is the primary force, the unmoved mover, the father of honky blues.

Few blues musicians—white or black—are immune to B. B.'s influence, but such rock superstars as Eric Clapton and Mike Bloomfield seem especially fond of his riffs and phrases. Though many have mastered his language, no other musician has captured his lilting brogue. B. B. can extract the raw, sobbing essence of blues, but his agony is always muted within a shimmering calm. Most rock musicians are too obsessed with the sheer power of their amplifiers to think of timbre and texture, but B. B. keeps his turbulence subdued. His music blows your mind but not your inner ear. You have to listen hard to catch the subtleties of his conversation, but that softness makes his message all the more profound.

Not that B. B. King is a mere technician. If that were the case, the rock refineries would have synthesized his style long ago. What has kept him unique for so long is not merely his methodology but the aura he creates. They say that soul is a willful imposition of personal myth upon reality, but B. B. manages to project the nitty gritty in his music without resorting to the clichés of his trade. His voice is sweet and clear, and his only *shtick* is his face, which contorts in isometric agony, as though he were gargling the blues.

B. B. King's expressions hardly matter. You don't watch B. B. King; you hear him out. And through his music, he is a master mood manipulator. He can sing about the Korean War and leave a crowd of kids too young to remember it screaming for more. Even when he insists on warbling a hokey ballad about love and harmony, no one accuses him of Tomming. His points of reference are unimportant. What matters is the sound.

After B. B. King's appearance at last summer's Newport Folk Festival, I saw him preside at a late-night jam session. Nearly every young musician in town that weekend was sitting at his feet, but he never acknowledged their adulation. Hunched over his guitar, he coaxed perfect necklaces of melody from its vacant strings. It was the most moving blues performance I'd ever heard, because all the razzle-dazzle magic was coming from his fingertips. And I don't care what they say about the frowning, pounding essence of soul. Anyone who can produce that kind of joy with his hands has a right to grin about it.

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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Keir Dullea and the three great coats plot

Keir Dullea, out of his "*2001*" space ship and away from the farm of *The Fox* has a super sense of organization, and an eye for the best. Take clothes, for example. For this winter he picked three coats to cover all situations. Like many other well-turned-out men, Keir Dullea is into fur and leather this winter. First, a great day coat, bottom centre, brushed pigskin, the exact colour of a poplin raincoat and ten times as dashing. The collar is cut just as it should be now—full and high. Double-breasted; $225 at Dunhill Tailors, 65 East 57th Street, New York. For colder days, the perfect polo coat, far right, double-breasted, patch-pocketed, belted, and all of it in wonderful, mottled natural unplucked otter. By Ritter Bros. It's about $1,850 at Woolf Brothers; Bullock's-Wilshire. Left, by night: sleekest coat since the Prince Regent's day: satiny calfskin, leather-piped, coal-black, narrow as a blade. By Wagner-Altman furs, $795 at Cavanagh, 3 E. 57th St., N. Y.









New York: Killy was here.

Jean-Claude, of course. The French Olympic ski star, right, was in town for a three-day whirl that included a party at Rashid's Nepentha discothèque where he matched skill at the pool table with ***George Plimpton;*** a Central Park bicycle race; checking the sights. ABC television cameras trailed him every step of the way. The results: visible January 13 in a special "Le Superman, Jean-Claude Killy."



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OCTOBER 15, 1968

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW



THE GIRL IN THE SPOTTED VEIL

Romantic, delicious—a big uneven-brimmed black hat, the small mystery of a chenille-spotted veil. Perfect for a girl with the most marvellous eyes in the world. She'll almost certainly wear a demi-long coat, feminine and dashing, and carry a great fur muff....She's the kind of girl who will find masses of fresh violets waiting for her when she goes home. The kind of girl who knows that the look of being covered from top to toe is the subtlest coquetry in fashion now. (Hat by Saint Laurent; to order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.)

PLISETSKAYA

...VITALITY AND FIRE

Maya Plisetskaya, *prima ballerina assoluta* of Moscow's famous Bolshoi Ballet —and the greatest dramatic ballerina now dancing—has a torrent of red hair; long, green eyes; white skin; a perfectly-tuned, responsive body, and the slender, expressive hands that are—even more than the strong, supple legs and feet—the marks of a great dancer. . . . She is gifted with a glorious flair for clothes—which she enjoys, relishes, collects, and wears superbly. Mme. Plisetskaya posed for Richard Avedon—and for the photographs on these six pages—on the next-to-last day of the Bolshoi's New York engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. She and the company had played for weeks to ecstatic houses. . . . That night, Mme. Plisetskaya was to dance the *Bach Prelude,* and her own version of Saint-Saëns's *Dying Swan*—one of her most beautiful and emotionally taxing performances. On this particular afternoon, then, was she tense, tired, difficult? *Nyet.* Not a bit of it. One fascinated observer played back the scene like this . . .

"A real pleasure—fun, warm, exciting, electric, and perfectly smooth-running. Everybody loves everybody else, everybody on the *qui vive*—a gala performance! Mme. Plisetskaya—it's pronounced Plees-YET-skaya—is a terrifically quick change—just in and out of the dressing-room, bang, bang. Ara Gallant has done a great bush of red hair, augmenting her own—it makes her long, beautiful neck look even longer. . . . She seems to have complete confidence in herself, complete faith in everyone around her; complete assurance that she looks well after each change. She barely glances in the mirror, except for one quick, cool, professional appraisal just before going on stage—i.e., under the lights. . . . There seems to be an almost total lack of vanity or egotism. She's like a happy, adored child, used to being adored . . . accepting it.

"She and Dick Avedon are delighted to see each other—they're an enormous mutual admiration society! They can actually *talk* only through the interpreter—yet they seem to communicate perfectly in some mysterious, subliminal way. . . . She calls him 'Deeck.' . . . Once, when Dick says, 'Turn this toe out,' she has to glance at the interpreter, who translates. She looks down at her toe with an expression of polite interest and amusement, like an intelligent child. More clicking. 'Beautiful!' Dick keeps saying, 'That's beautiful! Good, that's good!' She is smiling, radiant—he applauds, everybody applauds!

"Her hands on hips, head tilted. Beautiful long neck, long eyes. Then, one long, slender black-gloved hand supporting her cheek. Fascinating, mysterious smile; dimples. A sidelong gaze. . . . Then, a terrific air of authority, of command—like an eagle, or a fiery Arab horse—so slender, yet so full of vitality and fire. She has the Garbo-like quality of the endlessly expressive face—something always happening—some feeling or emotion always being projected. Even stillness is stiller. . . . Now, suddenly—flashing white teeth, a piercing, vigilant gaze. She looks as though she were leading a cavalry charge and enjoying every minute of it. . . .

(Continued on page 154)







PLISETSKAYA



AVEDON

Great ballerina, great actress...Maya Plisetskaya brings to clothes her own smash and dash. In the new Russian movie, *Anna Karénina*, she plays Princess Betsy Tverskaïa, looks divine in russet velvet from toque to toes, moves with the famous Plisetskaya "line," leading two aristocratic hounds. Here she plays for Vogue....*Far left*, evening pants turnout in black satin; tunic with a deep U back below a halter of brilliants. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, in Orlon and acetate satin (Onondaga fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sanger-Harris. *Left*, a loose top trimmed with rivulets of golden braid, over long straight pants; in black rayon crêpe. By Oscar de La Renta, at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz.

PLISETSKAYA



The great Plisetskaya ... *left,* in long black velvet, full-skirted, narrow-sleeved; a separate little sleeveless bolero of golden galloon, netted with huge mock-pearl teardrops. The dress of Du Pont acetate and Avisco rayon. Bolero of Lurex. At Lord & Taylor. *Right,* all fire and dash in yellow-and-black brocade —a flared mid-calf tunic, straight pants, thickly edged with black fox: flash of jet beading around the V neck, high waist. Brocade threaded with Lurex. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Shoes by Charles Jourdan. Both costumes by Oscar de La Renta.

AVEDON

PARIS: sleek black jersey... bright plaid fleece by CHANEL

Chanel's vie de Bohème, *left*—her devastating pants turnout in black jersey. . . . Small black top with high armholes and narrow above-wrist sleeves, dropped smoothly over straight, widish black pants; golden filigree belt resting easy on the hips; rosy-pink scarf pulled through a looped gold chain and sweater tab.

Chanel's greater plaid greatcoat, *right*—one of a luxurious group of plaided and checked fleecy-wool coats, all big, bulky, amazingly light. . . . This one, pink-and-brown, double-faced, belted, with raglan sleeves set in high. On both pages: jewellery, stockings, shoes, by Chanel. Coiffures by Guillaume.



PENN

PARIS: the racy
dazzly jump suits
of DIOR and GIVENCHY



Newest thing in pants, the one-piece jump suit . . . a long, racy line from throat to ankle that raced through the Paris collections. Here, two smashing versions for evening, all dazzle and dash. Dior, *left:* Marc Bohan's cohorts are gleaming in purple and gold. . . . Bright-purple sequins streaking down from a neckline edged in gold. Flung over it is a marvellous floor-length coat of imperial purple thick wool, caught with a purple suède belt. Garigue wool; jump suit in fabric by Malhia. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Dior straight-heeled evening slippers. Givenchy, *right*—his black satin jump suit, a long sleekness with a ravishing jewel-sparkled apron: black satin embroidered with red roses, green leaves . . . re-encrusted with red, green, and black sequins, black beads like caviar . . . tied with a great flourish of black satin sash. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Shoes by Mancini for Givenchy. Both pages: coiffures by Alexandre.

PENN



THE FUR COAT— GO TO IT NOW

Fur coat: great coat now. Making news all over the lot. Off-the-beaten furs, in exciting colours and cuts. Shaped like leather—see left. Marvellous with leather—see right. Slick little seals, snappy spots, fascinating fur Chinoiserie, some very special fur capes—see next pages. Go to any one of them now...this year is the furriest. Golden-girl fur, left—a new hair seal called natural lemon—like wearing sunshine on a winter day. Fitted, buttoned-up, belted. A dashing notched collar, skirt with fine vertical ripples of fullness from waist to knees. Coat by Simon Frères, at Ben Thylan. Earrings by Clark for de Lillo. Sally Gee scarf. House of Joy chain around the wrist. David Evins boots, at I. Miller. The fox went out, right, over a red leather dress, looking spectacular—it's sleeveless, like a long vest, to above-knees. The dress, with small collar, long sleeves with tasselled cuffs, a skimmy shape shorter than the coat. Costume made to order by Maximilian. Coat of Norwegian black and white fox; dress of dyed calfskin. Charles Elkaim earrings. House of Joy chain. Palmroth of Finland boots. François of Kenneth coiffures.



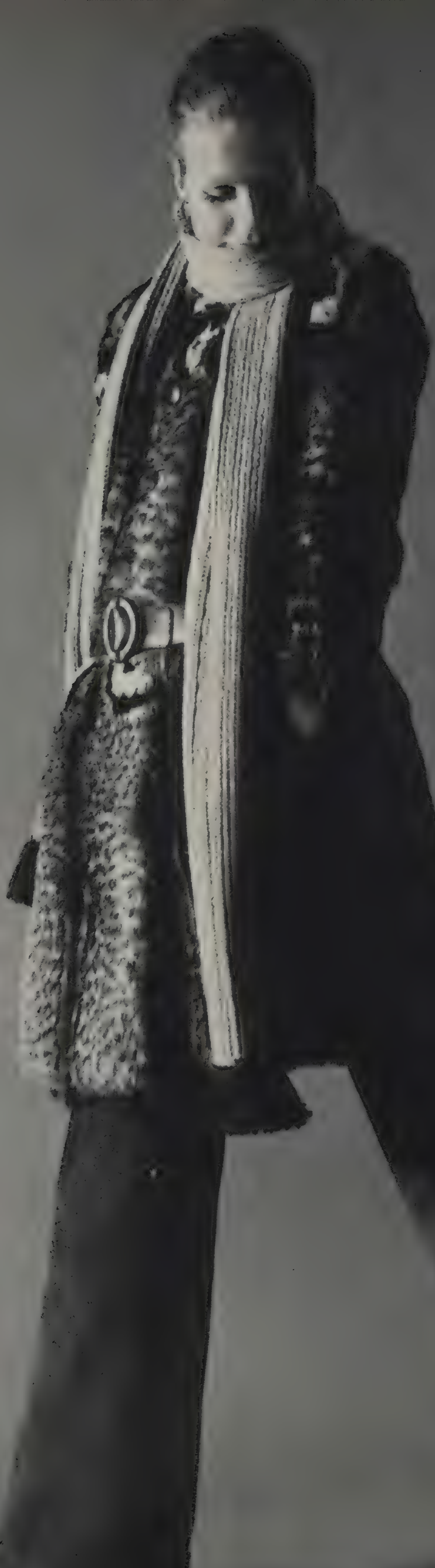
ALEXIS WALDECK

THE FUR CAPE—GO TO IT NOW



Longer cape, left, in a wonderful splash of fur—brown-dyed opossum with a little ring collar that hooks at the neck, falling in a grand sweep to a length around mid-calf. Go to it day or night, any cold moment now. By Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport. Miss Bergdorf Fur Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; Joseph Magnin. Charles Elkaim earrings: Lord & Taylor. Glentex scarf. Monet chain. K. J. L. ring. Short snappy cape, right, in the nifty barbarism of natural raccoon—young, shaggy, to wear with great pants, tops, tweeds. By Fredrica. At Halle Bros.; Rike's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Grey wool pants with wide bottoms, by Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. At Lord & Taylor. Vendôme earrings. Rings by Sant' Angelo; Bruce Rudow; Hattie Carnegie. Herbert Levine shoes. Coiffures: Suga of Kenneth.

ALEXIS WALDECK





THE FUR COAT—WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

Left: Double take on a different breed of cat, Chinese Zibetta, spotted and sauvage, shaped to a narrow, body-skimming coat belted low on the hips...Smashing here with wide straight pants and a yards-long fringed scarf. Coat by Neustadter Furs, at Roberts-Gaffney, San Francisco. Charles Elkaim earrings: Lord & Taylor. Doro knit scarf, at Bonwit Teller. *Right:* New wild stripe for furs—a short coat of luxe golden amber fox slashed with dark-brown leather stripes and whipped in at the waist by a brown leather belt. By Samuel Robert of "Golden Amber," Fromm natural fox. To order at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. Vendôme earrings. Both pages: Grey wool pants by Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants, at Lord & Taylor. Latinas strapped boots. Suga of Kenneth coiffures.

ALEXIS WALDECK

THE FUR COAT— THREE SMOOTHIES TO GO





Left, fur tailored to the nines: double-breasted coat of sleekest black Alaska seal with small rolled collar, fitted top, and flared skirt—all sharpened by a white belt and white stock. Nat Lustgarten coat of Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal. Joseph Horne. Adolfo seal hat, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Marvella earrings. Echo scarf. Ben King belt. Aris white kid gloves; Lord & Taylor. Delman boots. *Above,* one of the raciest little furs around—natural brown-and-white mustang, single-breasted, pocketed in a big way, and fastened with white slicker-clips. John F. Morris Furs designed by S. Breslin Baker. Z.C.M.I.; Levy's, Tucson; G. Michael Hennessy, Beverly Hills. Sally Gee scarf. Over-the-knee boots by Herbert Levine. *Right,* dashing way to wear the pants this year: with a slim reefer coat of black-dyed Alaska hair seal, held close by gleamy hardware clasps; wider at the hem. By Birger Christensen for Gunther Jaeckel Furs, at Bonwit Teller. Black pants by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat. Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. K. J. L. bracelets: Bonwit Teller. Herbert Levine boots. Coiffures by Suga of Kenneth.

ALEXIS WALDECK



HEY DAYS

A heyday of great day looks that start now and go on for the next six pages...and right through winter, leading off with double-breasted black coats. Nine-tenths coat, mink-collared, this page: cutting a wonderful figure in black to mid-calf—small top, flared hem, with golden-nugget buttons, notched collar of black-dyed mink. Turned out with much more black—hat, muff, boots. Coat by Rondina-Manzo, of Anglo wool and nylon. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Glentex scarf, cuffs: Saks Fifth Avenue. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Bruce Rudow hair chain. David Evins boots. Reiss & Fabrizio muff. Admiralty coat, big-collared, right: shipshape coat of black wool Melton cloth—everybody's length, with brassy buttons, back belt, sleeve insignia...all spiff and polish over its own black-and-white windowpaned wool dress. Costume by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; Anglo wool Melton cloth loomed in America. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Napier earrings. Lanolav gloves. Hats, both pages, by Gélot for Mic Mac: Bloomingdale's. Coiffures here and on the next six pages, all by Hugh Harrison.

BLACK COATS SHAPING UP IN TWO LENGTHS

PENATI





Tailored grey pants suit, left: a froth of white at neck and wrists of the lean, longer, double-breasted jacket with notched collar, flapped hip-pockets—it's city-slick over straight wide pants and mad plaid boots. By Don Simonelli for Modelia, of Trevira and wool (French River Mills fabric). About $160. At Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel; Swanson's. Hat by Gélot for Mic Mac: Bloomingdale's. Stock by Echo. Vendôme earrings. Rings: Pakula, Maison de Fou. Plaid stocking-shoes to mid-thigh, by Golo. Far-flung tweed suit, this page: wonderful day-after-day dash for town or travel, in salt-and-pepper brown wool tweed. Longer jacket buttoned up to a little throatband, belted, turned out with a fling of pleats and a fling of fringed scarf lined in the same silky brown-and-black plaid that makes the blouse that comes along, too. Suit by Martin Unger for Zelinka-Matlick; Berroco wool. About $190. At Mark Cross; Rich's; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. Napier earrings, Aris gloves: Lord & Taylor. Brass-buckled belt by Elegant: Bloomingdale's. David Evins over-the-knee boots.

HEYDAYS FOR LONGER-JACKET TURNOUTS





Getting the jump on winter, far left, with a basically great little jumper dress of bone worsted gabardine crêpe worn here over a turtleneck pull and belted with leather and chains. Dress by Richard Frontman, about $70. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Belt, bag: Phelps. Napier chain. Calabro for Palacio pin. Rings: Freirich, Maison de Fou. Hanes tights. The herringbone runs to plaid, near left, in black and white and yellow—back-belted and epauletted, it's a coat that makes a good look better, like this white turtleneck with straight, wide, cuffed black pants. The coat: Bardley by Abbe Rabiner. About $100. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Pants by Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. Adolfo hat. Napier earrings. Echo scarf. Grandoe gloves. High welted waist, this page, on a short-sleeved dress of bright green coachman's cloth with a short wide skirt that swings along gaily, daily, over long lacy legs. A woolmark dress by Morton Myles for Jeunesse, of Stevens Worumbo wool. About $65. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neusteters; Joseph Magnin. Fredrica fox muff. K. J. L. crosses. Rings: Napier, Robert Originals. Hummingbird tights.

THREE WAYS TO HEYDAYS

VOGUE PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 7419



Two of the snappiest day dresses you could own—the kind you just naturally love to wear day after day—both flared, belted, and ready to go.... *Left,* the jumper with swing: vanilla-coloured wool fleece flared to a wide whirl of skirt and belted over a brown cotton shirt. Vogue Pattern 7419. Jax shirt. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Belt by Elegant: Best & Co. Buckle by Calabro for Palacio. Robert Originals ring. Brown stockings to the waist: Phoenix. *Right,* the dress that comes on easy, goes everywhere—pale buff with a little stand-up collar, long straight sleeves, and a wide-hemmed A-skirt. Vogue Pattern 7439, of wool and fur fibre. Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. Napier earrings: Lord & Taylor. Belt by Clark for William de Lillo, at Elizabeth Arden. Rings: Apex Art and Pakula. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Charles Jourdan shoes. On both pages: Anglo fabrics loomed in America. At Bloomingdale's. Hugh Harrison coiffures. For back views, yardages, and details see page 154.

PALE LITTLE HEYDAY DRESSES

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The dodgy political acuteness of the Presidential candidates, all old-fashioned, all ignoring the young. . . . The little blue book *The Almanack of Poor Richard Nixon,* made up entirely of such Nixon quotations as these: "We have something far better to offer the American people than personal abuse of our opponents" (1956) and "Let's be fair about it. Hubert Humphrey is a loyal American. But he is a dedicated radical." (1964). . . . The nine children, all Negro, who sing with an adorable straightforward politeness the incredibly silly lyrics of "The Thank You Song" in the new musical *Maggie Flynn,* set adorably in the time of the Civil War with a happy orphanage in the background.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Dance of Genghis Cohn,* a new book by Romain Gary whose clotted allegory and primitive wisecracks skate around the terrifying centre of his subject: the Jews and the Germans. . . . Controlled, attractive, Army Lieutenant Arthur Ashe who has tucked away both the 1968 National Amateur tennis singles championship and the first U. S. Open tennis singles championship, partly because he has the most severe, swift cutting serve and the most deceptive half volley, drop stroke. . . . Grace Slick on Columbia's *Collector's Item: How It Was*—full-voiced, wily, never scrimping, always young.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The small but sumptuous Jean Dubuffet exhibition, organized by William Lieberman at The Museum of Modern Art in New York, which is showing, among other treasures, some given by Mr. and Mrs. Lester Francis Avnet, one of ten original collage maquettes given by Dubuffet in friendship to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Colin who are in turn giving the ten to the Museum with the largest collection of Dubuffet graphics around (over five hundred); in this round robin of love Dubuffet is giving to the Museum, in honour of the Colins, nineteen drawings plus a painting and his North African sketch notebook of 1949. . . . The father who overheard his six-year-old daughter saying crossly to his three-year-old son: "No, no, you're *not* Yossarian, I'm Yossarian," and then found out that the kids were playing their version of Joseph Heller's novel *Catch-22.*

DONALD PLEASENCE, THE FANTASTICAL "MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH"

in the new to New York drama by Robert Shaw who is almost as talented a playwright as he is an actor, gives a whisper-jet performance as the frightened and frightening New York banker kidnapped to Israel for trial on a charge of Nazi war crimes. Paranoiac, violent, soft-voiced, shouting, goose-stepping, escaping from one unreality into another unreality with stop-offs into what might be sanity, this Pleasence character has been moulded by three powerful craftsmen—Shaw who wrote it, Harold Pinter who directed it, and Donald Pleasence who plays it. A man of little vanity and almost no mannerisms, Pleasence owns a voice as rich as ten-egg batter, a voice of noble resonance, a great bald head overshadowing a small, gentle face in which the whites of his blue eyes catch the lights on stage. Pleasence took about thirty-eight years to slog to the top. Now at forty-eight, he is there, permanently. Born in Worksop, Nottinghamshire, he moved around with his family on British Railways for which his father worked as station master. After the usual discouragements he eventually got a job as an assistant stage manager with an unheralded repertory company on the island of Jersey. That led to other minute jobs always filled by hungry boys. When the war came, he became a lieutenant in the Royal Air Force—wireless man in a Lancaster which was shot down over Germany. He then spent a year in a prisoner-of-war camp. Afterwards he fiddled around in a number of rather miserable rep companies until the BBC hired him for television plays in which he first had the bright taste of success, some money, and recognition. In 1960 he not only had his own television series, *Armchair Mystery Theatre,* but he also lucked into the rôle of Davies in the brilliant Pinter play *The Caretaker,* a part which he later played in New York and in the film. Donald Pleasence enjoys the landscape at the top, enjoys his life, and especially enjoys the intricate, confused mechanisms in the mind of the man in the glass booth.

SNOWDON



Backstage with Dick, Hubie, and George

A campaign creates a natural tension between press corps and campaigners. America's best newsmen are not welcomed by a candidate's staff as depth explorers. They are more readily viewed as so many open-mouthed chickens with a tendency to stray from the prescribed coop. They are plied with reams of indigestible, irrelevant statistics prepared by faceless advance men at every way station. And also by sandwiches, cola, and coffee.

Approaching the homestretch of this national campaign year, one can not shake the feeling of *déjà vu*. We have been here before, or, more properly, *they* have. Out of the calm of Miami and the chaos of Chicago emerged the two party centrists, the dear old familiars: Richard Milhous Nixon, Hubert Horatio Humphrey. America's demand for newness traditionally falters at the political level; but, in this rather special period of polarization and flux, audiences are offered cautious rhetoric. Campaign '68 may be remembered as the year when the trial heats were more interesting than the race. The most psychologically revealing—and politically instructive—poster I saw bobbed up and down at a packed Nixon rally under a splendid outdoor shell in Houston. Clearly a work of love, it read: Nixon's Gentle on My Mind.

Attaching oneself to the Nixon caravan when one is not from a hard-news medium requires a fair amount of resourcefulness. Letters and telegrams tend to be ignored by minor functionaries. Herb Klein, the off-and-on editor of the *San Diego Union*, is the man who makes things possible for reporters following the Nixon campaign. When he is about, requests and favours are handled with charm and ease. When Klein is off on special assignment, a rigidity—like death—quickly sets in.

It seems to be the peculiar mark of the Nixon campaign that the junior aides are barely distinguishable from the secret service agents. One has to check the lapel pin before one is certain or look for the telling bulge near the agent's hip. The dark-suited young comers on the Nixon staff display a genuine fondness for their attaché cases. They pass the short-hair muster. Fraternization with the press corps is not encouraged. One young aide who developed an uncommon rapport with some reporters during the primaries found himself transferred to the Agnew caravan, which may or may not have been coincidental.

The Humphrey people answer their letters promptly and put on a better all-around show of concern. Press secretary Norman Sherman is an emotional sort who *cares* whether or not you like his candidate. Dr. Edgar Berman, Humphrey's physician who is writing a campaign history, is equally solicitous. Humphrey aides are apt to corner you and say, "He's such a great guy, he really is." They have been scarred by a terrible party war.

On my first day out with the Humphrey caravan, Sherman arranged a brief but unsolicited introduction as the candidate manoeuvred through the press section of the aircraft. The following day when the Vice President passed through, he picked off my identification from the official press badge and offered a first-name salute; Humphrey is adept at this sort of thing. I saw him do it at a reception in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, with excellent results. Women were saying: "He remembered me from last year, can you

BY SUSAN BROWN MILLER

imagine? He couldn't have seen my name tag, could he?" It is a candidate's thoughtful device. People like to be reminded that they, too, have names. After four days with Richard Nixon, I hadn't been introduced to him at all. Upon inquiry, a press aide, Ron Ziegler, estimated that one only gets to meet the candidate after two weeks.

When Humphrey and Nixon meet the voters in a mass, differences in style are readily discerned. It is no easy task to surrender one's body and part of one's soul to the crowds who insist on their prerogative to see and touch. No amount of television exposure will keep mothers from proffering infants over the barricade when the candidate-in-the-flesh is escorted past by his aides and secret service retinue. Richard Nixon approaches a crowd like a man with a chore to dispatch. Skillfully guided by young Dwight Chapin, an affable fellow who looks like a baritone in a college glee club, the Republican candidate does the job but seldom tarries. The Nixon caravan is never behind schedule.

Not so with Hubert Humphrey. The Democrat actually appears to relish the hello and handshake. To the dismay of *his* aides and secret service, Humphrey darts into groups of well-wishers with alacrity, his pale-blue eyes reconnoitering a person or two ahead of his hands. (The eyes can go vacant with surprising quickness if the next-in-line is an underfoot reporter.) Babies get dandled beyond the wildest expectations of their mothers. Tots get chucked under the chin while the candidate keeps up a stream of patter. It is difficult for Humphrey to leave a hotel without shaking hands with every last one of the shy staff lined up in the lobby. At an airport in Minneapolis, six lines of Green Beret reservists at parade rest were treated to Humphrey handshakes while "Executive II" stood idling. The Humphrey caravan always runs late.

Despite an aversion to early rising, Humphrey is at his best in the morning, in a relatively intimate breakfast setting. It is at the end of the day that his eyes get watery, his voice takes on a metallic tone, and his speech runs on as his energy flags. It is then that Muriel Humphrey may stifle a small yawn as her husband takes off on tangent after tangent, introducing odd facts with the rapidity and stored knowledge of a computer whose buttons are being punched at random.

Richard Nixon has his peak between eleven and two in the afternoon, then a slump, with another peak at nine in the evening. It works out well for lunch-hour motorcades and evening rallies or television broadcasts. The press schedule will list such details as: 8:20 ARRIVE MILLER OUTDOOR THEATER 8:30 MR. NIXON REMARKS 9:00 MR. NIXON CONCLUDES, and by golly, he does.

One is struck at times by the incredible similarity between the Nixon rhetoric and the Humphrey rhetoric. Humphrey has used the phrase, "The silent Americans who do not march." Nixon has used the phrase, "The forgotten Americans, the non-shouters, the non-protesters." Nixon has used the phrase, "A new dawn and a new day." Humphrey has used the phrase, "A new dawn with clear skies."

After hearing the set speech for a number of days, one becomes entranced with the insignificant: Humphrey's watering eyes, the beads of perspiration that inexorably form on Nixon's upper lip. Both men make reference to their thinning hair. Humphrey's hair appears darker at the sides than it did, say, in West Virginia in 1960. Indeed, at times "Does He or Doesn't He?" becomes a major topic of conversation on the Humphrey press plane. The Nixon girls compare favourably with the Johnson daughters, but one notices that vivacious Julie is bright and inquisitive while small, blond Tricia prefers to hang back behind her mother and father. This upsets Mrs. Nixon. David Eisenhower who gets stuck carrying Julie's handbag looks a lot better than he photographs.

You learn after a few days on a campaign trail that crowd estimates must never be trusted, no matter who gives them, particularly a press aide. An overflow Nixon rally at Buck Shaw Stadium in Santa Clara, California, was certainly impressive. The grandstand, someone said, holds ten thousand. Adding the solid mass of people on the grass makes it thirty thousand, said another. A sudden authority, a policeman, ventured forty thousand. "Well," said an old-time local reporter, "this is the largest political rally in these parts since Herbert Hoover gave his acceptance speech in 1928 in Stanford Stadium." Now *that* has the ring of truth to it.

Nixon and Humphrey run against each other, but George Corley Wallace runs against the press. "The editor of *The New York Times* is just one man, and you are just one man, and your opinion on your own home and your own school is just as important as his is," he told an audience in Louisville, Kentucky. He called their paper, the prize-winning liberal *Courier-Journal,* the "Curious-Journal." That got a roar. George Wallace is the only spellbinder running for President this year.

It is possible to drop in on the Wallace campaign, if one feels like it, without notice. Covered only sporadically by the national press, Wallace boasts he'll carry seventeen states and "show the preachers, the professors, the judges, the bureaucrats, and the newspaper editors." There are at least two requirements for a demagogue: a distorted populist concept and a visible sexuality. Wallace has both. The airport crowds that George Wallace draws are qualitatively different from those of Nixon and Humphrey. The women scream, "George, George, we love you, George." They mean it.

Meeting George Wallace is easy. His advance man, Tom Drake, who also serves as press aide, pulled us together. "Vogue?" said Wallace. "Well now, look-a here, I've got a burn in my shirt." He points to somewhere below his beltline. He *does* have a rose in his lapel, and he will absently toy with his nose and spit into his handkerchief during his press conference.

The Wallace rally, which is also a fund raiser, is like a Southern revival meeting. The Sunshine Sisters sing "God Bless America." The invocation goes: "Lord, we thank you for Governor Wallace and what he is doing. Let us pray." A former Dodge Rebellion Girl, who only appeared once on an Indianapolis television program hired by a local dealer, points a finger at the audience and coos, "The Wallace Rebellion Wants Yoooooo." When Wallace speaks from his 308-pound bullet-proof travelling podium, the cheers come every three minutes like clockwork. Wallace's American Independent Party does not truck with local candidates. A Wallace rally is short and cathartic. On this night at the Kentucky state fairgrounds, a solitary boo brought a quick response. The offender and his date were escorted from the stadium by state troopers who told them it was for their own safety.

Transportation for Wallace reporters is catch-as-catch-can. Ben A. Franklin of *The New York Times* commandeered a Wallace staff car for some of us after the rally and drove it in the motorcade to town with obvious relish. Franklin belongs to a select group called The Society of Wallace Aficionados Dedicated to Objectivity. Its motto is *In Vulgate Vincit.* The Society's initials are SWADO, which is how Wallace chooses to pronounce "pseudo," as in "—intellectual." At times Franklin is the only national reporter who travels with Wallace, and one gets the impression that he could do with a bit more company. The press contingents that travel with Nixon and Humphrey comprise about sixty each at any given time, including television camera crews, with day-trippers added in each city.

It is the press corps that one really lives with and gets to know on a campaign caravan, and not the candidate. One discovers with pleasure, for instance, that as a class British reporters are super. Over in the Humphrey caravan, CBS's Martin Agronsky habitually loses his hat or his watch. On the Nixon press plane, bridge is the preferred game, not poker. A young radio reporter, determined to plow through all seven Modern Library volumes of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* by November 5, is, of course, still on *Swann's Way.*

new way up AUDREY COHEN, YOUNG,

COMMITTED TO HELP WOMEN THROUGH THE TALENT CORPS



PATRICK LICHFIELD

AUDREY COHEN, above, *in a classroom at New York's Public School 51, with, left, a teacher assistant being trained by the Women's Talent Corps, Mrs. Ethel Wright, at work helping a muster of third-graders with their reading.*

Audrey Cohen, with blue eyes and a cap of blond curls, looks more like a Palio page than an academic crusader for and founder of the radically new proposed College for Human Services in New York. She is the drive behind a corps of two hundred, all women, all being lifted by training and by their own verve from the trap of poverty into professional jobs with decent pay. "Our courses are action oriented for people who can reach out and interpret the community in its own terms," said Mrs. Cohen who, for the student body, mined an untapped field of human resources: Women on welfare, young women, married women, dropouts—women, above all, with deep motivation and an urge for leadership. Once properly trained, they spread their skills throughout the five boroughs of New York, as assistants in schools, hospitals, recreational centres, and social agencies, mainly in jobs that never existed before.

As an evolution in education, the College for Human Services denies cliché. The campus, for instance, is lower Broadway. The Hall, an elaborate Stanford White building, is shared with housing and city government agencies. Its main classroom holds a vast acreage of bright-orange Eames chairs improbably circled by towering Corinthian columns. The undergraduates are unique. Many never finished high school. Only 9 per cent are white, with the bulk drawn from these groups: Negro, Asian, American Indian, and Spanish-speaking Puerto Rican. Ranging in age from the early twenties to the late fifties, the women all fall within the $3,200-a-year-for-a-family-of-four criterion of poverty set by the Department of Labor. The College is free—no charges at all—and, in fact, students are partially paid during their training. They spend three consecutive weekdays as assistants in the field—in hospitals, in schools, in recreational centres—and two days in the classroom.

The sparker of this extraordinary new movement, young Mrs. Mark I. Cohen, is the wife of a New York lawyer and the mother of two young daughters, Dawn and Wendy. After taking a degree at the University of Pittsburgh and graduate work in political science and education at George Washington University, Mrs. Cohen taught social studies in public schools here and in Morocco. Small, motored, and smiling, she founded Part-Time Research Associates and Gallery Passport Ltd. before embarking on her private war on poverty. "It took two years and I did a bit of everything," but in 1966 Audrey Cohen launched New York's Women's Talent Corps with a grant from the Federal Office of Economic Opportunity. Noting the success of over a hundred people trained and working in new careers, the Department of Labor staked $579,000 this year on the expansion of the Corps into the proposed College for Human Services. (Now the organization is waiting for a charter from the New York State Regents in order for the school to grant degrees.)

Although the college plans to add to its faculty teachers in the key disciplines of sociology, psychology, social work, and education, the coordinator-trainers—professionals in their fields—remain at the core of the program. Each trainer has ten trainees for whom she serves as counsellor, field supervisor, and teacher. Intensive but relaxed, classroom instruction is varied with television, audio-visual presentations, panel discussions, dialogues, and buzz groups. To continue into the second year, students require a high-school completion certificate, which may be achieved concurrently with college classes. A graduate will earn an Associate of Arts degree, and the option of channelling into a four-year college.

Now, with pourings of praise from school principals, hospital directors, from Mayor Lindsay and Senator Jacob K. Javits, the College for Human Services counts as a standard-bearer in education. "The concept is moving across the country and to other colleges. I have letters from Yale and the University of Michigan," said Audrey Cohen, who pushes her brainchild, in a delicately measured voice, on radio, television, and at conferences. The college now stands as a victory over human condition, especially for the winners, who soar from low income to high morale with pay, pride, confidence, and faith in their futures. For Audrey Cohen, young, involved, modestly aggressive, the College for Human Services marks a conquest of other minds, and more—a triumph of the heart.

What ORGAN TRANSPLA *mean to your life*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Carr has a specialized interest in the legal, ethical, and medical intricacies of organ transplants. Clinical professor of pathology and legal medicine as well as chairman of the department of legal medicine at the University of California's San Francisco Medical Center, he is a graduate of the University of California and of the Harvard Medical School. For fifteen years he was pathologist to the coroner of the City and County of San Francisco. His collaborator, François Leydet, received his education at Harvard and Johns Hopkins, worked for almost ten years on San Francisco newspapers, and is now primarily a writer on conservation and natural history.*

The year might be 1985, or 2000, or 2050, the dateline Boston or Kiev or Melbourne or Buenos Aires. But whatever the details of time and place and individual names, the following story, or one much like it, may appear one day on the front page of the morning paper:

> SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—Surgeons at the University of California Medical Center yesterday performed the first transplantation in history of an entire human body from one patient to another.
>
> Recipient of the transplant was Henry Moore, 45, a San Francisco attorney. The donor was Peter Young, 22, graduate student at San Francisco State College.
>
> Young, a resident of Mill Valley, suffered massive brain injuries yesterday morning in an automobile accident on the Golden Gate Bridge. Moore was a terminal cancer patient at Moffitt Hospital. But although his body was ravaged by the disease, his head and brain had been spared by it.
>
> When admitted to Moffitt, Young was in a deep coma. His brain was irrevocably damaged, the electroencephalograph showing complete cessation of brain function. On the basis of "brain death" he was declared dead shortly after arrival at the hospital even though his heartbeat and breathing had not yet stopped. His respiration and circulation were then artificially maintained while he and Moore were readied for the operation.
>
> At 3 P.M. two surgical teams, headed by Dr. Martin Spencer, simultaneously decapitated both patients. In a five-hour operation, they joined Young's body to Moore's head.
>
> Eight hours after surgery the patient was conscious and "doing well," Dr. Spencer told newsmen. Vital functions of his new body were performing "even better than we had hoped."

Let us assume that this operation was a complete success: that head and body accepted each other, and that the two segments of the spinal cord knitted so that eventually the man had full normal use of his body. Immediately and in the months to follow, a host of questions would arise.

Who would the survivor be—Henry Moore or Peter Young . . . or Henry Peter Youngbody Moorehead?

How old would he be—the age of his head, forty-five, that of his body, twenty-two, or some intermediate age?

Suppose both Young and Moore had been married. Which wife was the widow? Which, if either, woman could collect on her husband's life insurance?

If on the basis of memory and consciousness the hybrid individual identified himself as Henry Moore, owner of the surviving head and brain, what rights if any could Mrs. Young claim to him? Would Moore be obligated to support her?

Genetically, any children Moore might father subsequent to the operation would not be his but Young's. If Mrs. Young wanted to have a child by her deceased husband, would Moore commit adultery if he acceded to her wish? Alternatively, if he sired a child by Mrs. Moore, would such a child be illegitimate?

What of the operation? Did the surgeons have the legal and moral right to guarantee Young's death by removing his head while his heart was still beating and his lungs still breathing? Did they have the legal and moral right to prolong Moore's life by such an unnatural procedure as equipping him with another man's body? If, eventually, rejection set in between head and body—should the doctors attempt yet another whole-body transplantation? Just how far ought medicine to go in attempting to cheat death?

NTS

Some surprising legal and ethical complications

BY JESSE L. CARR, M.D., AND FRANÇOIS LEYDET

Admittedly, such an operation sounds improbable today. Many physicians state flatly that it can never be performed—that a severed spinal cord does not regenerate, that there is no reason to expect that it can ever be made to do so, and that therefore the most that could be accomplished by such an operation would be a living, thinking, talking individual . . . with a totally paralyzed body. And yet other medical men are not so sure. As they see it, a whole-body transplant (which is the form a "brain transplant" would have to take) would be the logical culmination of a process that began long ago with blood transfusion and has progressed to transplantation of the heart, which once appeared just as improbable. And what is most important to this discussion is the fact that the *kind* of questions posed here, non-medical questions raised by a medical procedure, are being debated today with growing concern by physicians, the legal profession, moralists, theologians, and, especially since the drama last December in Capetown, by an increasing number of half-hopeful, half-fearful, men and women.

What seems to be happening is that man more and more has it within his power to affect if not to control the time and manner of his death. But in the application of medical science—as in the application of other physical sciences—legal, ethical, and philosophical developments have not kept pace with technological progress. This is particularly evident when we consider the multitudinous implications of organ transplantation. The subject is so vast, its ramifications so numerous, that it can best be grasped if approached from three different angles, which we might call feasibility, availability, and justifiability.

Feasibility: What structures and organs can be grafted today? What transplantations might be possible in the future?

Availability: Organs for transplants may be obtained from live and from dead donors. What particular legal or ethical questions apply to each category?

Justifiability: Is a given transplantation justifiable from the point of view of the recipient, of the donor, of society as a whole?

All principal controversies in the matter of organ transplantation have to do with one or another of these aspects.

FEASIBILITY

Thousands of healthy men and women lead completely normal lives in spite of the fact that they have lost a portion of their intestines: the appendix. And this guarantees that one operation that never will be performed is an appendix transplantation. Man can live, with greater or lesser or even no disability, despite the loss of a surprising number of "vital" organs. He can afford to lose his thymus, his thyroid, three of his parathyroids. He or she can make do without gonads and other reproductive organs, both external and internal. He can survive without his spleen, his stomach, his esophagus, his ureters and urinary bladder. He can function without most of his liver, and most of his bowel. He can breathe on one lung; one kidney can purify his blood, with capacity to spare. He can even muddle along with only part of his brain, as when the frontal lobes are disconnected in a bilobotomy.

This ability of the body to survive minus some of its parts both limits the field of organ transplantation (unessential organ grafts are not likely to be performed) and permits certain particular procedures (the removal from a live donor for transplantation purposes of certain paired organs such as a kidney, a lung, a gonad). It also limits this discussion of the feasibility of transplantation to those procedures which have been, or are likely to be, tried.

Beginning with skin grafts performed by the Egyptians and Hindus more than five thousand years ago to replace noses destroyed by syphilis, a large number of human tissues (as contrasted with whole organs) have successfully been transplanted from human donors (live and/or deceased) to new hosts. These include blood plasma, whole blood, blood vessels, bone marrow, bone, cartilage, tendons, skin, nerves, and parts of the eye (cornea transplants).

The fanfare of publicity attending the first heart transplant operations has obscured and ignored the fact that organ transplantation as such has been going on for some time. In the early years of this century, Drs. Alexis Carrel, Charles C. Guthrie, and others developed techniques for the transplantation of organs in animals. Dr. Carrel won a Nobel prize for his work. As early as 1908, Dr. Guthrie transplanted a dog's head; in 1912, he published a report describing transplantation of the heart, the lungs, the kidneys, the thyroid, and the ovaries. In 1938, Dr. Carrel collaborated with Charles Lindbergh in developing an extracorporeal pump for human organs, the first real attempt to preserve organs within and outside the body.

These early animal transplants were all short-lived, for the same reason that skin grafts from one human to another, tried extensively in the treatment of burns during World War II, were short-lived. Investigation of the phenomenon of rejection led to a joint Nobel Prize in 1960 to Professor Peter Medawar of London and Professor F. M. (Continued on page 147)

BEAUTY *bulletin*

VOGUE'S HAIR VIEW
IT'S REAL GEORGE

Call it George, for George Washington's favourite peruke. They do in New York and London. . . . Add an S, and call it *Georges*. They do in Paris. . . . Call it Cadogan. Call it ponytail. . . . Whatever they're calling it, they're calling *on* it for durable chic in the fashion capitals of the world. If they're young and attractive, in fact or in act, they're letting George do it. But they're revising their opinion of what's Real George. Up, up goes the ponytail—lifted now up to the back of the head, whence it springs away. Sometimes it is sharp, held in a huge clump at the top of the head. Sometimes it is calmer, lower down, with less archness. But it never sags on the nape of the neck. "No ponytail ever did," insisted a Real George authority.

They're letting George do it because George is sexy. George wraps up the allure of long hair that has taken months or years to grow with the exactness of short hair. George leaves long hair free for evening imagination, but by day full of provocative control. "In the daytime," said a ravishing and Real-Georged one, "you can't any more just let long hair hang and go boom. You want it as uncomplicated as that, but with shape and character that show you have discipline."

What's hair letting George do to it? Hair's gaining health through the requirements of George. George is not the scalp-hugging, pinhead ponytail associated with seven-year-olds. But, on the other hand, teasing and a bubble crown of George a phony make. So George demands body and bounce, the kind acquired only through diligent shampooing and conditioning. George calls for work.

Variety is Real George. Back bangs, back fringes, as see *left* and *right*. The Double George: one on each side of a head. The Side George: one ponytail swept to the side. The Looped George, as Alexandre does it: hair combed absolutely smooth, the longest piece held out at front, swept back and across, then strapped around and under the looped ponytail. The George on George: two shanks of hair, the top held with a barrette or comb, the lower tail with whatever. The Fake George: short hair Georged by hairpieces.

Destructiveness is Bad George. The traction of the tight ponytail, hair specialists constantly warn us, puts a nasty strain on the hair follicles, can eventually produce bald areas, often does on the prettiest little ponytailed girl. Loose ponytails are the way around this, their Real George smoothness achieved by means other than traction: crown permanents, sprays, setting lotions, hairpieces. Never, never the mangling rubber band. For good ponytail anchorage, the George girls put in a supply of dime-store devices. For finishing, of course, there's the ribbon, the scarf, coloured yarn, rawhide strips, polished leather gadgets—and, real hair, one's own, or the small hanks you can buy all over now. (At Smith, when they cut their hair, they often save some for this purpose.)

What are the ears letting George do? Call them to attention, just as dramatically as the short skirt did the knees. George makes it urgent to consider the profile at the back of the neck, in which the ears become the most conspicuous feature of the head. George girls do exercises like this: Pretend a string is tied to back of each shoulder blade, pulling shoulders down, back, away from ears. Become very conscious of the spots behind your ears, where the muscle that controls your chinline starts—and think-push those spots up, away from the shoulders. *Shoulders down, down—ears up, up.* . . . George girls are rouging the lobe and the helix of their ears, blending face makeup carefully behind the ears and over their tonal imperfections. . . . Proving that what's *between* the ears of George girls is Real George. . . .

BACK BANGS: REAL GEORGE

On the smooth head below,
a Real Miniature George
with several Real George variations,
worked out in London by Roger at Vidal Sassoon.
Head proportions lined up carefully:
the sideboards rising from an inch above chin
to two inches at ear
do a balancing act with the back bangs
and the sleek, skull-shaped crown,
all in the interest of cheekbone emphasis.
The blunt little ponytail is real,
the hair that binds it neatly on is false.

STEPHEN BOBROFF



THAT'S TWIGGY? THAT'S RIGHT.

That Real George Twiggy: Georged here gently, romantically—
"The way Justin likes to see her, the way Twiggy likes to look,"
a friend reported. Leonard of London did it, tied most of her hair back
with a ribbon, curved a fringe at the nape, corkscrewed soft curls
to frame her freckled face. Makeup by Yardley.

JUSTIN DE VILLENEUVE



BEAUTY *bulletin* MAKEUP TO LAST THE NIGHT

Among beauties, Gloria Cooper is unique. Her voice is slow, gentle, utterly feminine; she has no chatter, searches—with charming hesitation—for exactly the right words with a concentration and directness that capture and delight the most casual acquaintance. One has the illusion of slipping into a deep still pool of leisure—though, in fact, Mrs. Cooper runs two houses (one in New York, one in Southampton where these pictures were taken); her life involves four energetic sons and her husband Wyatt Cooper. She paints—as Gloria Vanderbilt she's having a one-woman show of paintings and collages at the Washington Gallery of Art this month. And she finds time to have vivid and original convictions about fashion and beauty. System and discipline she certainly has—the marvellous unapparent variety that is, in fact, the secret of the great makeup she's wearing on these pages and can wear through a whole glorious gala evening without a flick of retouching. This is the way it goes: First, have the cleanest face; slather it with oil, tissue off; then wash with really hot water, lathering the soap on hands first, then face. Rinse thoroughly with warm water; splash the equivalent of thirty times with cold water—easiest if done in tub or shower. Next, Dr. Laszlo's Light Controlling Lotion gets patted on with cotton squares. Over that, Laszlo's Regular Nor- (Continued on page 152)

GLORIA COOPER IN HER DRESSING ROOM

Seraglio 1968 . . . papered in violets, paved with the same paper lacquered seven times . . . and the sole jewel, photographed right and above, is Mrs. Wyatt Cooper wearing harem pants of the same violet print.
Her companion: Bird the cockatiel.
Just offstage is the lacquered Victorian dressing table where she does her marvellous all-evening, no-retouching makeup.
. . . Pants and the felt vest designed by Adolfo for Mrs. Cooper; she designed the lavender cotton shirt herself, and the chains and baubles are by Kenneth Lane.

PENATI



Two for the road– the Cossack tunic with pants

A smash idea for right now—the Cossack top with pants. Here, two nifty tunics cut just like Cossack tops: long, loose with wide billowy sleeves...great belted over straight, wide pants. *Left*, black tunic, black pants: zipped and belted wool jersey tunic held fast by a golden buckle over straight black wool pants. Stan Herman for Mr. Mort. I. A. Wyner fabric. Tunic, about $55. Pants, about $25. At Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. Chains: Accessocraft, Napier. Rings: Vendôme, Napier. David Evins shoes, to order at I. Miller. *Right*, billowy sleeved tunic of bright red wool jersey side-buttoned, wrapped, and sashed in black with black wool pants. Stan Herman for Mr. Mort. I. A. Wyner fabric. Tunic, about $60. Pants, about $25. Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coiffures: Paul Mitchell of Henri Bendel.

DE ROSNAY



The explorers

FASHION THAT'S ALL YOURS FOR THE DISCOVERY...
PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE CLOUD-PEAK WORLD OF PERU

INCA-GOLD SUÈDE: Throwing custom to the winds and quilting to midcalf, a rape turns skirt for the fling of it—circling far out about dirndled thighs; the whole look is pulled together with a llama *ruana*, a leather wet-skit, an Inca-gold turtleneck. Suède turnout by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. At Lord & Taylor. *Ruana* by Outlook of Greenwich Village. Belt by Larry Reiter for the Andrew Geller Boutique. Pakula ring. El Greco sandals—firm-footed on the *andene* slopes of Machu Picchu, the Incas' sky-grazing fortress city no Spaniard ever reached. Coiffures: these twenty-six pages, by Ara Gallant.

Fashion explorers

JOHN COWAN

MOHAIR NINE-TENTHS SKIRT, above, blanketing the ankle in fringe as it rushes out beneath a great wrapping of scarfs—tasselled muffler looped off to one side of an Andean shoulder-throw. Skirt by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. About $125. Lord & Taylor. Craig Casuals muffler. Shoulder-throw by Outlook of Greenwich Village. Napier, K. J. L., Sant' Angelo, and Marvella rings. **POPLIN MID-CALF COAT,** far left, flinging dauntless colour over thick knitted turtleneck and lean jodhpur pants—scarlet and brass all the way to the fleece puttees blaze-binding pants and boots. Storm coat by Aquascutum. About $70. At Lord & Taylor. Jodhpurs from Miller's Riding Shop. Peruvian-inspired coiffures, on these and the three preceding pages, arranged with Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces. Machu Picchu's century-silenced ruins nestle in bright green sunlight among the proud Andes peaks that stand guard over both pages.

INTREPID CHALLIS FLOWERS, right, daring enough to bloom above the clouds or at the most splendid party on earth—a peasant jacket quilted and kerchiefed over a great dirndl spill. Evening turnout by Deanna Littell, in European Textile Trading wool challis. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Necklaces and rings by Pakula, Cadoro, and American Indian Arts Center. **SKY-GARDEN FLOWERS,** below, extravagantly chilled by white—flurries of mohair fringing the sleeveless weskit, leather thigh boots gleaming beneath the covered, ankle-long dirndl dress. Dinner turnout by Ken Scott. At the summit of the world, cloudswept Andean cordilleras girdle Pizarro's Lima—and these pages.

JOHN COWAN

Fashion explorers

Fashion explorers

Fashion explorers

SWEATER TREASURE OF THE RIO SANTA: amusing new stack-up of Shetland wool sweaters —worn three at a time with wide-legged cord pants, suede brogues. Above: Blue cardigan by Hadley, $16; Best & Co. Inca-gold crewneck by Jaeger, $18; Spartique Unlimited, New York. Terra-cotta cardigan from Brooks Brothers, $23. Bertlyn brogues. Below: Russet cardigan by Villager, $15; at Altman's. Blue crewneck by Braemar, $18; Peck & Peck. Chrome crewneck from Brooks Brothers, $19. Right: Rosy crewneck by Jacques de Loux for Bucks County, $10; Lord & Taylor. Chrome crewneck from Brooks Brothers, $19. Dark-green cardigan by Villager, $15; at Altman's. All pants by Lynn Stuart for Mr. Pants (Crompton cotton corduroy), each about $14; Best & Co. Right and left, below: David Evins brogues. Joseph Marshall hairpieces. Peruvian background: the rock-tumbled Río Santa in the Callejón de Huayla

JOHN COWAN

PLAID MINK DISCOVERED, far left, and found marvellous in jet-streamed jade linked with golden chain, taking black-clad legs in stride. Coat made to order at Reiss & Fabrizio, of Jade and Onyx-dyed Saga Black Cross Mink from Scandinavia with black-dyed mink inserts. Belts: Calderon, Elegant. Scarf by Echo. Rings: Marvella, Napier. **SUN-FIRED FUR,** left: smouldering-amber fisher floating down, down – demi-long – over wide plaid pants, the new way to wear furs now. Coat made to order at Reiss & Fabrizio, of Peach Coral dyed fisher. The pants by Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. Golden dome ring: Vendôme. Both pages: Golo boots. Locale: the snow-spangled Cordillera Blanca, spanning the skies above the Callejón de Huaylas, one of the most beautiful valleys in Peru.

JOHN EDWARD





THE VIOLET FUR WESKIT pulls a skirt and shirt together. Rough-white wool dirndl scored by maroon-and-navy hounds'-teeth, left, by Ellen Brooke for Sports-wear Couture; Leu Artel wool: about $90: Lord & Taylor. Weskit: back-strapped lavender-dyed Indian broadtail lamb, made to order at Reiss & Fabrizio. Ship 'n Shore shirt, of Dacron and cotton, about $7. At Gimbels. Tie by Echo. Berk-shire knee socks. Boots by Latinas. **OFFICER'S COAT,** nine-tenths long in camel-coloured wool, storms the heights below the fortress of Ollantaytambo. The coat—back-belted, double-breasted, by Jaeger, about $90. At Sportique Unlimited, New York. Pedre watch. Jodhpurs and boots from Miller's Riding Shop.

JOHN COWAN



THE STORM COAT, left—longer this year, with a swordsman's air; mocha-brown, Zepel-finished, Orlon pile-lined; by Weatherbee, of Dacron and cotton (Greenwood fabric), about $80. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field. Belt by Elegant. Boots: Miller's Riding Shop. **TUNIC-AND-TROUSERS** in dark-grey flannel, right, belted above silver-buttoned patch-pockets. Pants flare to over-shoe finale. A white mock-turtle of wool jersey pulls the look together; all by Gunter for Project II, of wool flannel loomed in America. About $235. To order: Saks Fifth Avenue; The Blum Store, Phila.; Higbee's. Doro scarf Rings by Sant' Angelo, Bruce Rudow, Napier.

Fashion explorers

THE GREAT FUR GREATCOAT, right: bold, deliciously barbaric; natural Chinese rainbow-fitch, banded all the way with lynx—cuffs and collars, too. The length: just below boot-tops. Coat by Coopchik-Forrest. At Henri Bendel; Rich's; I. Magnin. Golden chain girdle by Christian Dior for Abbe Creations. Brass-buckled brown leather belt by Calderon. Rings: Sant' Angelo, Accessocraft, Marvella. High brown boots by David Evins.

SHORT-SKIRTED SILVER RACCOON flaring slightly over pants, top left, cuts the country-life figure at snow-line or sea-level; striped and belted with black leather. Natural raccoon tunic-coat by Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport. At Sportique Unlimited, New York; Joseph Magnin. The dog? An Andean Every-hound roaming here on the Cordillera Blanca.

BRIEFER OTTER, centre, left, ruffed into wide brown bands and notch-collar by fillets of dark brown leather—here on the pebbled shores of Lake Corococha, world-famous among international troutfishers. Alaskan natural otter coat: H B A Furs at Lord & Taylor, New York; Jacques Ferber, Philadelphia. Scarf by Glentex. Leather ankle-boots: Golo.

BRIEFEST BADGER, below left, a zip-front ski-parka, wraps a roomy greige cocoon above long leggings and swashbuckling corsair boots. Natural badger parka by Ben Kahn, at Nan Duskin; Creed's of Toronto. Boots unbend to thigh-highs, by David Evins.


OHN COWAN

Fashion explorers

LONG ON THE LEATHER LOOK—a brown, nine-tenths coat, above left, of supple vinyl with a nice hint of patina. Trenchcoat details: belt, button-strap cuffs, roll-collar. By Aquanala, about $100. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. The wide, plaid pants by Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. Brown patent leather shoes by Golo.

THE COMPLEAT MILITARY CUT in pale beige cowhide, below left, with cadet trim: a closed stand-up collar, brass buttons, epaulettes and flapped pockets. By Highlander, about $195. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Younkers, Des Moines. Ribbed knee socks by Adler. Red-suede, flat-heeled loafers by Latinas.

SIDE-CLOSED SUEDED CALFSKIN in brown, right, zips straight up to the left shoulder—a coat for short hemlines, high socks. All three coats are shown here at the fortress of Ollantaytambo, one of the Incas' last stands. This coat by Anne Klein, about $290. Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Higbee's; H. & S. Pogue; L. S. Ayres. Knee socks by Adler; suede loafers by Latinas.







JOHN COWAN

THE BROWN SUÈDE TUNIC, this page, torso-length and hooded, with sleeves that wing out from a drawstring neck, swoop away to slim cuffs. By Viola Sylbert for Albert Alfus. About $165. At Henri Bendel; Higbee's; Joseph Magnin. Belted over wide-legged plaid trousers, by Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. About $20. At Best & Co. Belt by Elegant. Hand-strap by Van Raalte. Marbled-brown ankle-boots by Golo.

LEATHER-BOUND CLOTH COAT, above left, mandarin-collared brown-and-navy plaid, welted with brown leather at the edges—seen here on Incan ramparts near Cuzco. Samuel Robert, of Trevira and wool (French River Mills fabric). About $235. At Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. Knee socks by Bonnie Doon. Ankle-boots by Golo.

BRUSHED-SUÈDE TROUSER SUIT, below left: tan, to mid-thigh fur-lined frock-coat, with black buttons, tabbed vertical pockets; pants wide in the leg with a leather-chaps panache, the whole look pulled together with a nifty shirt and high-topped shoes. Pants suit by Ungaro Parallele. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces.

STRIPES MAINLY ON THE PLAIN, above: black-brown-and-white striped wool skirt with a quick flick of side pleats, cuffs to match on a black wool jersey shirt all tied up with a same-striped scarf—great walking gear for city or country. Costume by The Sidneys for Tina S. About $105. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Maas Bros., Florida. Belt, pouch by Phelps: Lord & Taylor. Lady Exeter knee socks. The black suède boots: Golo. The adobe church, Tiabamba, stands solitary on a grassy *puna* high in the Andes. **PONCHO STRIPES,** above left, black, brown, beige, grey—over a nifty brown suit zipped right up to a high-standing collar; the skirt, short and flared. Suit of Trevira and wool (French River Mills fabric) and poncho-cape by Adele Simpson. Both at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres. Belt by Elegant. Archer-Nuweave socks. Bernardo shoes. Here and above: Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces. **STREAM OF KNIT,** below left, in natural-white wool cabled all the way—a long sleeved fisherman's pull pulled over a little flared skirt to match, pulled together with matching cardigan and brass-buckled brown leather belt. Turnout by Boepple. About $35. At Arnold Constable; Hutzler's. Belt by Elegant. Lady Exeter ribbed knee socks. The ankle-bone boots by Latinas. Hairpieces by Joseph Fleischer.

JOHN COWAN



A PHOTOGRAPHER EXPLORES

PERU

NOTES BY JOHN COWAN

The Cordillera Blanca: At 20,000 feet, you can look for a hundred miles north and south on a line of sight that goes on forever. Nothing to interrupt the view, no smog, fog, no smoke, little sign of any life. No roads leading to upper peaks. We had first to use army Land Rovers and then to climb, clamber, grope: with the shortage of oxygen, quite some feat. Thinking is muddled at ten thousand feet plus —there is so much space, so much room, you feel so insignificant that thinking is confused. You plan exactly which way you are going to go around something. You become miserly with effort. Smoking is painful. . . . When you wander around in the Inca ruins, you would like to call the Andes the roof of the world, but that title is already owned. This was, instead, the attic of the world, filled with things left over the centuries. Within five miles of a ruin you could turn over a stone and find a shard of pottery. The Inca ruins are staggeringly impressive. Super-grandeur.

The desert: the western seaboard of the Andes—a salt and pepper country. The salt of the sea is held in by the fog. Streets and buildings smell of pepper. A taxi driver seems to wear clothes woven in peppers and spices. . . . Some of the group taxis, *colectivos,* were made in the United States as early as 1934. Model "A" Fords float around with eight or ten people.

Tracks in the mountains are single-lane roads, unsurfaced, sticking to the side of the mountain like a piece of cotton on a marble column. The Peruvian, unlike the Spaniard or the Arab or the African, doesn't sound his horn until after he's got around the corner. Then it seems a success symbol: one more corner achieved.

The colours of the countryside vary enormously: the starkness of the (Continued on page 132)

LEATHERED-UP SHIRTDRESS, right: here a button, there a button, everywhere the dash of tan leather on belted grey wool with long sleeves. From the Thoroughbred Collection. Of Ordelaine wool, loomed in America; about $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Halle Bros.; Swanson's. **THE KNIT SHIRT-AND-SKIRT,** above: the bright blue wool shirt just like a C.P.O.'s down to the buttoned pockets tucks into a matching skirt pleated to make all the right moves. . . . Moving here in the vast open space of the valley of Chan Chan. By Wilroy, of wool knitted in America. Shirt, about $36; skirt, about $20. At Altman's; Sakowitz; Bullock's, Downtown. Both pages: Sally Gee scarf; Calderon belt; Berkshire knee socks; Golo brogues. Reid-Meredith hairpieces of Dynel.

COWAN



PERU NOTES *Continued*

Andes; the deep jungle green. Golden corn grows as high as fourteen thousand feet on steep slopes. A special right-angled corn? Down the coastal strip, in the desert area, the general impression is of amber and tans and greys.

In the central areas, particularly among the Cordilleras, I had an impression always of avalanche, of cracked rock going to fall. People seem to exist on some extended permission that might be withdrawn fairly soon. The country has a massive grandeur never yet touched. A country of space, space, space.

Plenty to live on. A fertile country. Even in the desert, wherever there is irrigation, everything will grow. In the mountains we saw roses and bananas and oranges all in the same area. The President is building a road called the "Marginal de la Selva" to colonize the eastern side of the Andes. I went on a trip with him and saw this road. Where the jungle had been cleared, everything imaginable flourished—cotton, coffee, English sheep, Charolais cattle, Brahman bulls, horses, dogs, cats, wheat, corn, bananas, lemons, limes, oranges.

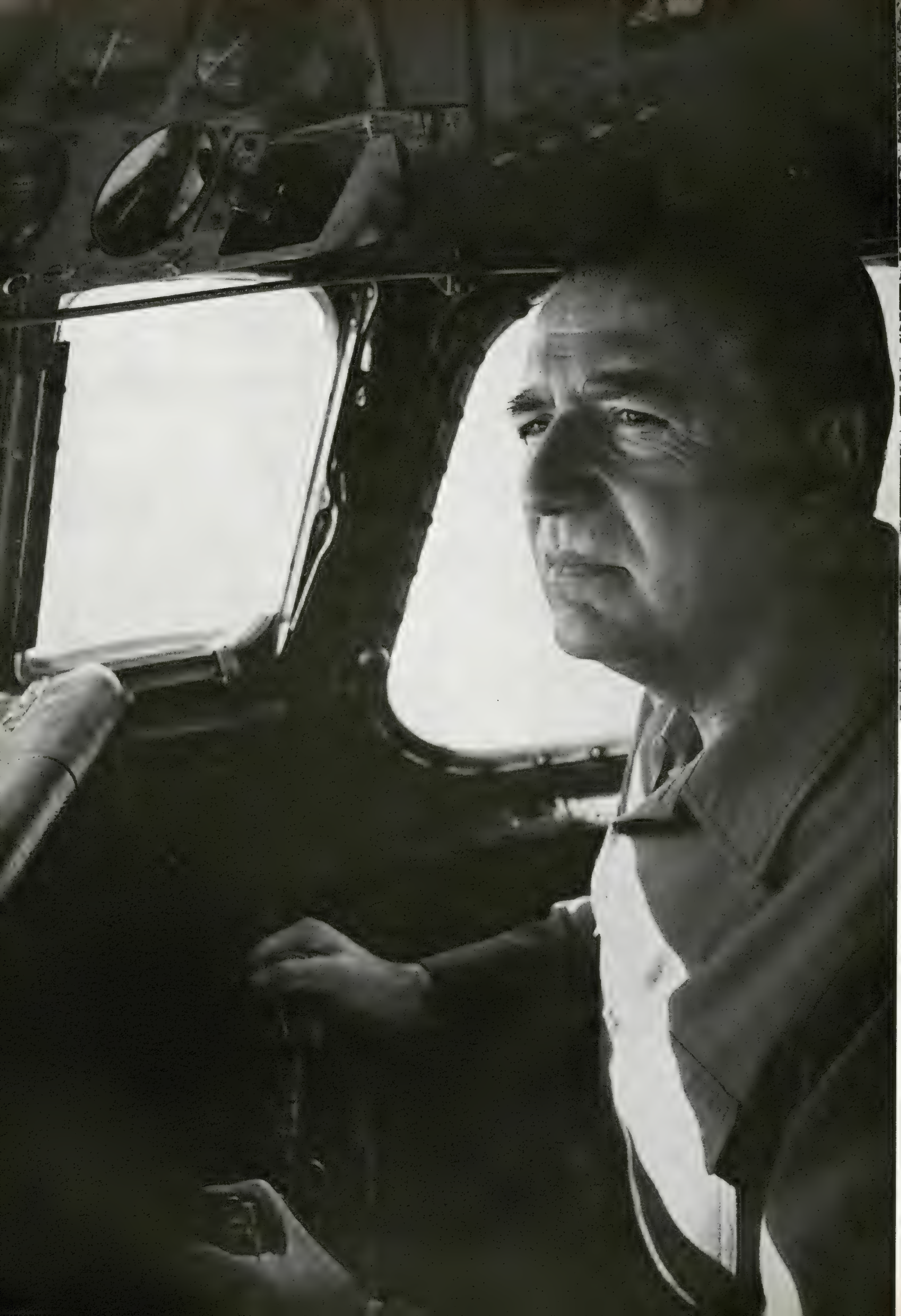
The food was good, really good. Vegetables, fresh and clean, meat almost always spiced. If you asked for fried eggs, you felt the man went outside and reached under the chicken and got your breakfast warm. I'm sure a couple of our meals came in on the hoof, walked to the back door and were killed by the cook.

The sea is fantastic. South Pacific, vast rollers. Surfers' paradise, deep-water fishermen's dream. For visual beauty it has a quality as impressive as the Andes. Dunes run up a thousand feet in rounded sexy shapes, warm soft contours. Offshore, craggy rocks rise out of the spray, and great geometrical albatrosses head out to sea, birds so large they seem to have enough range to go to Asia for lunch. Too much is said about past civilizations in Peru. Too few have gone there to explore and make a new one. Go South, young man.

WHITE CAPS WHITE, above: a little belted T-tunic over straight, wide-legged pants—neat white knit. A woolmark turnout by Goldworm. About $90. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus. Scarf by Glentex. Watch by Old England. Golo boots. **TAKE THE WRAP-COAT,** right, in camel cashmere—easy as a sweater, belted over a neck-tied brown shirt, wide plaid pants. Coat by Hadley (belt added); about $110. At Henri Bendel. Ship 'n Shore shirt of Dacron and cotton; $7 at Gimbels. Pants: Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants; $20 at Best & Co. Echo scarf: Altman's. Saint Laurent belt. Hand-strap by Bruce Rudow. Hush Puppies shoes. Both pages: Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces. Sea-setting: the Pacific meets Peru.

JOHN COWAN







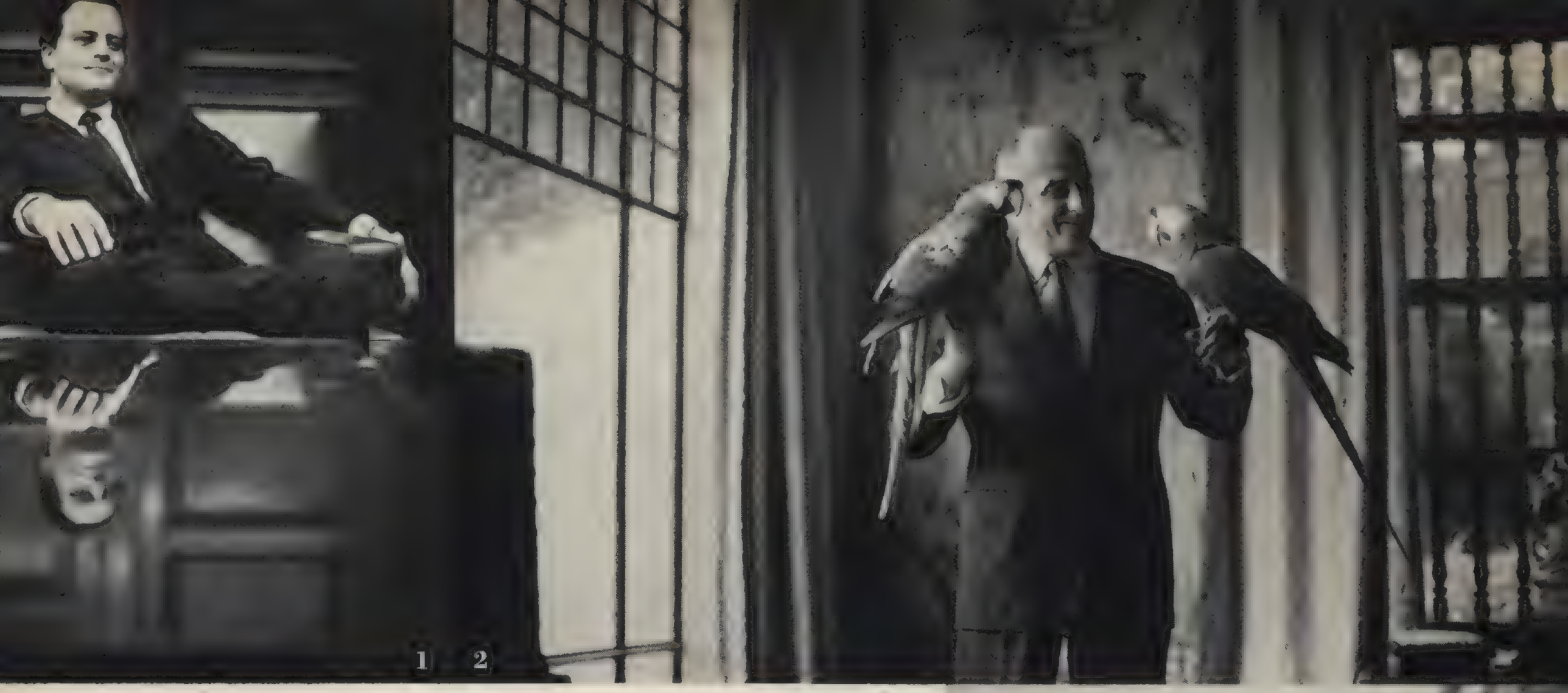
LAND OF THE ALL-POSSIBLE, AND ITS EXPLORERS OF POWER, ART, AND LEARNING: PERU

Peru's urge is to look back, Peru's strength is the aware, growing, at times passionate determination to look ahead. The exorbitant beauty of the land, the wonders of old cultures, the gildings of the Spanish Colonial age hang like too much splendour on this country. The trick Peruvians turn now is to step lively without stepping on treasures. To build new without destroying valued old. To educate the Indians without lock-stepping them into a forced culture. To become an economic power without losing economic friends. To open the unexplored interior to routes of trade among many South American countries without draining Peru. To resist idleness in a land where no one need die, although some do, of starvation or exposure. The conundrums of progress beset Peruvians as they do any civilized people. But Peru has a secret: great untapped, even unestimated resources—mineral, vegetable, and tourist. The relatively small cluster of people who have power and run Peru have possibly never been so certain that now is the time to get on with it in their wild, golden, all-possible land.

THE PRESIDENT OF PERU, FERNANDO BELAÚNDE TERRY, *left*, a tall, hewn, quiet man who trained as an architect at the University of Texas, is Peru's greatest visionary. At all costs he has pushed the Titan undertaking of opening the country's interior with roads. Impressive in his elaborate Spanish Colonial presidential palace in Lima, he is more impressive co-piloting his plane or in the jungles and mountains, in shirt-sleeves among the people, shouting speeches, shaking hands, caring. Forced to the edge of crisis to pay for his belief that "now is the time of the tropics," he has remained determined, calm, and wry: "The Inca Empire didn't use money," he said. "Those were happy days."

FERNANDO PESCHIERA, *above*, who owns one of the outstanding stables of the unique *caballo de paso Peruano*, a horse born to an unusually smooth single-footed gait, was photographed riding his 1968 Champion of Champions, El Cid. Wearing the traditional vicuña poncho, white silk scarf, and *jipi japa* hat, Señor Peschiera looks what he is, a patriarch. Father of nine children, he manages with his oldest son several ranch and farm properties south of Lima. A gentle, assured man, directing two hundred hired hands, he leaves nothing slipshod, although he spends weekdays at a desk in Lima. His horses are champions; his fighting cocks, winners; and he raises profitably cotton, potatoes, beans, corn, oranges, apples, peaches, avocados—a list that outlines the joy of Peru's climate.

JOHN COWAN



1 2

All the powers of Peru push centrifugally from Lima. To Lima come the shapers and hopers, people whose marvellous courtesy to outsiders sometimes obscures the iron of their intent. Like a well-bred family, they keep their shouts to themselves. MARIANO PRADO SOSA (1), Executive Director of the Banco Popular del Peru, the largest Peruvian-owned bank, lunged into work. Young, agreeably handsome, cool, he chucked fun and polo games to help save Peru for Peru. In the last few years Señor Prado, whose great-uncle was twice President of Peru, has watched enough take-over by foreign capital to say, "We might end our existence as a country and become a colony." Schooled in Massachusetts, trained in business administration at Stanford University in California, he manoeuvres with common sense and objectivity. When he said, "South American countries in particular must be able to talk the same business language as the rest of the world," he spoke from the bone: Señor Prado concerns himself with his family's several industries—fish meal, textiles, cement, oil, banking, and airlines. To be wrong costs. FELIPE BENAVIDES BARREDA (2), outspoken, volatile, generous, with the profile of a grandee, is Peru's Dutch uncle. A retired diplomat, an international businessman, he scolds, prods, plans, and moves. A power in the Peruvian Tourist Bureau, he cares that his country should present its best. President of the Peruvian National Parks and an international trustee of the World Wildlife Fund, he cares above all about the near-extinction of the vicuñas. On the grounds of the long pink house where he lives with his pretty green-eyed Swedish wife are aviaries of flamboyant tropical birds. Some birds—including the scarlet macaws with which he was photographed in front of Aubusson tapestry of birds—fly free. DR. LUIS ALBERTO SANCHEZ (3), Rector of the University of San Marcos, is, at sixty-eight, a man absorbed by two things: the great national university, the oldest in this hemisphere, that he leads; and Peruvian literature, the subject of his exhaustive five-volume study. Born and educated in Lima, this witty, grey, solid man spent, in all, twenty-five years in exile from Peru. A lawyer, a senator, a doctor of history, philosophy, and letters, he was at one time the director of a newspaper, and at others, a professor at Columbia University, the Sorbonne, and Michigan State, to pick a random sample. Dr. Sanchez is beyond surprise but not beyond commitment. He burns like a pilot light under the simmer of a university in a time of critical development. With ten faculties, from husbandry to philosophy, and thirty-five thousand students, the university only needs this: students with better secondary-school training, more junior colleges to serve as farm leagues, better entrance exams, more staff, more emphasis on the sciences important to Peru's growth, less Communist agitation, and millions of dollars. That's all. Dr. Sanchez said: "To be a rector in a Latin-American university is to be a lion tamer." DR. CARLOS CUETO FERNANDINI and his wife, SEÑORA LILLY DE CUETO (4), live in a small modern house with masses of books, three sons, and one aim: "education for discipline, education for thinking, education for action." Vice-Rector of the University of Lima, Dr. Cueto has twice been Minister of Education. To him the news in this still partly primitive land is the onrush of mass education, both helped and confused by rapid social change. In

JOHN COWAN

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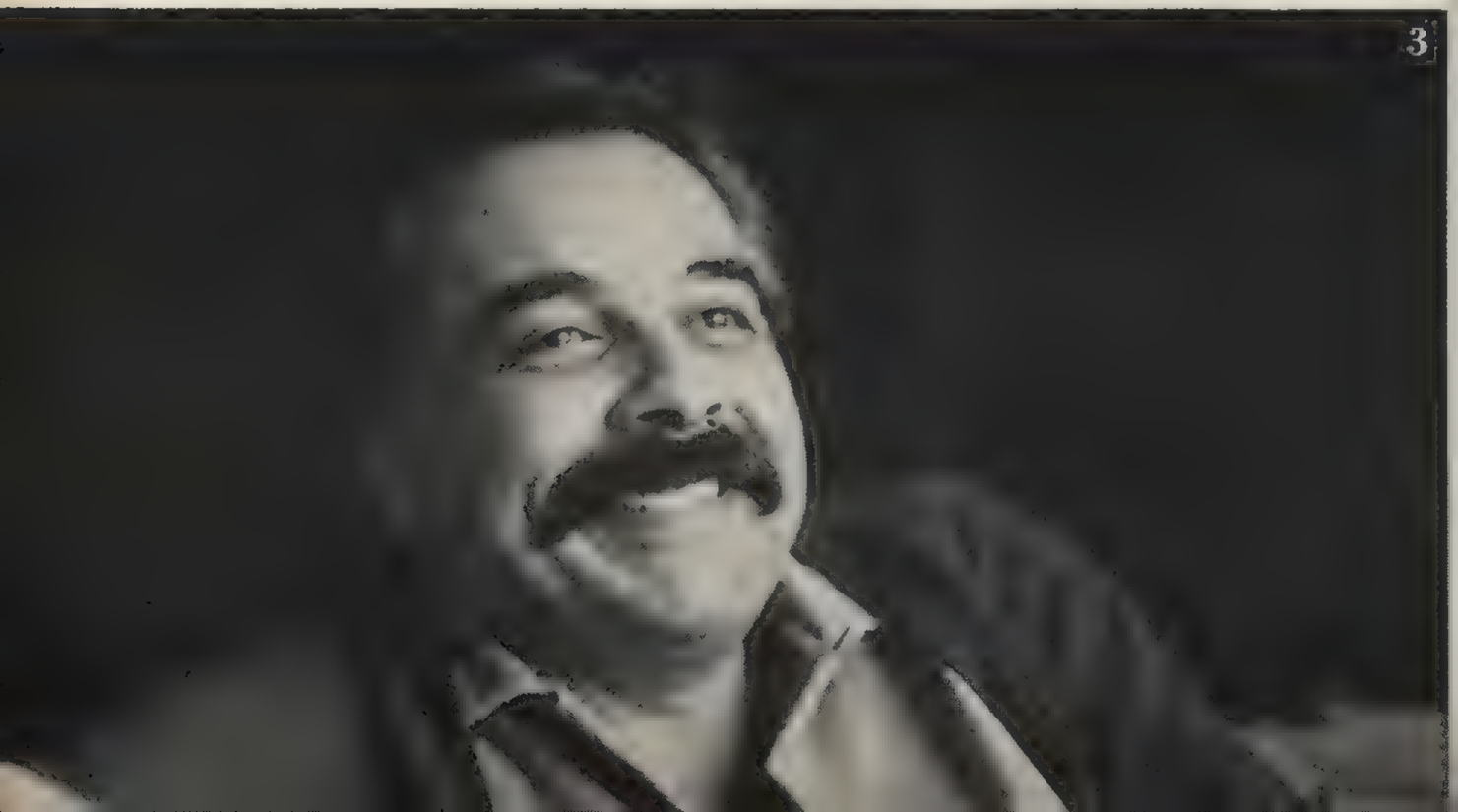
1955 there were 1,200,000 Peruvians in schools, now there 3,000,000. A white-haired, black-browed, chiselled man who took his postgraduate studies at the Universities of Columbia and Chicago, Dr. Cueto said: "University riots in South America should be considered as social." Señora Cueto, a woman of strong good looks and gentle manner, said: "I'm on the other end of education. I teach kindergarten." More than that, she is dug in to two national programs. One, to develop lending libraries for children. The other, to equip 12,000 one-teacher schools with books, papers, magazines—anything as long as it's in print. CAROLINA PORRAS BENAVIDES (5), prettier than most girls anywhere, is at fifteen well-travelled and given by her parents, who descend from old Peruvian families, a freedom that seems more Anglo-American than Peruvian. Carolina designs her own boldly mini clothes, paints with uninhibited panache, listens to Jimi Hendrix and the Mothers of Invention. Protected but independent, outspoken but polite, she attractively combines Spanish Catholic Peru and the international scene. DR. ARTURO JIMENEZ BORJA (6), an intense, precise, compact man, one of Peru's archaeological heroes, was photographed at the pre-Inca ruins of Puruchuco, thirteenth-century mud ruins he almost single-handedly restored with private funds to set an example for future government efforts. Convinced that all relics should be kept and shown where found, he built near these ruins a small, handsome museum—with an apartment for himself. Director General of all on-site museums, he lives with his work, has restocked Puruchuco with live llamas, guinea pigs, and fowl and plans next to introduce *son et lumière*. To no one's surprise his pets are dark-grey hairless Peruvian dogs, their lineage as old as the history of Peru. SEÑORA MARIA REY DE PALACIOS (7) has for a decade gone every week as a volunteer into the Lima *barriada*, visible behind her here, to help women learn housekeeping, sewing, child care, hygiene. No glamour, no fun reach to the Hogar Maria Goretti, a French Canadian mission, bare, utilitarian, and rigorously clean in an area built from dust, where Señora Palacios has done every chore. A bridge between the government and the people, she helps to scrape up for them lights, sewers, and money for medical care. Hard-working, level, deprecating, Señora Palacios is something of a pioneer in work that more and more well-to-do Peruvian women find important.

IN PERU: EXPLORERS OF THE ALL-POSSIBLE





So much untried, so much possible, modern arts and sciences in Peru have only begun to hatch into the world. The excitement is incipience. HASTINGS (1), a shy, slight, young painter whose real name is Abelardo Indacochea, is the Peruvian most touched by the main lines of modern art. Trained at the Brussels Academy, married to a delicious Icelandic blonde, he works in an earthquake-battered, rotting house in Barranco, a seedy, once-enchanting, bombastically Edwardian seashore section of Lima. Although Hastings this year won Peru's top prize in painting, he goes outside his country for his best audience. Lima still lacks the galleries, the appetite for contemporary art. In 1968 Hastings has had so far eleven shows, one in Peru. LUIS BANCHERO ROSSI (2), stocky, ugly-handsome, efficient, is at thirty-nine a tycoon. Born to Italian immigrants, he worked his way to a chemical engineering degree by selling produce; went on building small companies on little but wits until he founded, in 1955, his first cannery. Capitalization: $4,000. Asked what his capitalization is now, he answered, "Who knows?" an odd answer from a man who speaks in a fast, informed stream of numbers. Certainly he is a major force in Peru's major industry, fish meal. Possibly because it's tidy that way he built, in 1962, a shipyard (where he was photographed) that turns out one 200-ton fishing boat a week to catch one million of the million and a half tons of fish his factories turn into fodder. And since he's shipping all that fish meal, he cans and ships tomatoes and asparagus and other things, too. Señor Banchero, who is not married and lives, for convenience, in a hotel, works easily from eight in the morning until two the next. "I like to work," he said. "It's my sport." Although he owns two newspapers in Lima and seven in the interior, he has stopped short of politics. Considered an overly rough diamond by some, he is nevertheless an admired power. If you constantly make new jobs, employ more people and bring more revenue into your country, everyone gets happy. ARMANDO ROBLES GODOY (3), a large, fierce-looking, jolly man, said: "I'm told I'm half the film industry in Peru. I don't know who the other half is." In Lima he teaches film-making, makes films with equipment rented from New York. In Peru, the fewer than three hundred movie theatres do not show his films (too little demand), although one was bought for television. He has won prizes in Moscow and Barcelona for *No Stars in the Jungle*. His stars, more often ordinary people than actors, are frequently in the jungle, where Señor Robles Godoy, who was born in New York, went with his wife and two children originally to raise coffee and cattle. MANUEL D'ORNELLAS (4), who looks in his English tailoring like a merchant banker, is at thirty-one the most







6



5

influential political journalist in Peru, in part because his paper, *Expreso,* is read mostly by men mostly under thirty years old, and in part because of the way he writes his daily column: Asking editorial questions, he then answers them, trying dispassionately to fill in the background before he sounds off. Trained as a lawyer in Argentina, he first worked in New York with Manuel Ulloa who owned *Expreso* before he became Peru's immensely powerful Minister of Finance. Señor d'Ornellas was photographed near the statue of Simón Bolívar in the square in front of the Palace of Congress—his journalistic beat—where his great-grandfather, President Manuel Pardo of Peru, was assassinated. Out to shake Peru's standpat habits, Manuel d'Ornellas said: "The most important thing is that in the last five years we have lived in an absolute democracy—really free speech. Now we have to prove we can reach economic stability through this system." DR. CARLOS A. PESCHIERA (5), is one of Peru's great surgeons. Chief of the chest and heart service at the Asociación Benéfica Anglo Americana, a private non-profit hospital in the San Isidro district of Lima, he practises as well at a charitable workers' hospital. More importantly, he teaches, heading a surgical department at the medical university, which he and two hundred doctors founded around 1961 to raise Peru's medical standards, "very much a copy of United States' standards of training," he said. Checking patients—an old man whose heart Pacemaker he recharged, a six-year-old girl whose lung cyst he removed, a baby whose esophagus he repaired —he almost thrummed with satisfaction. "I love to do corrective surgery," he said, and the word "love" came out like a song. His dedication goes beyond individuals. "The purpose of a doctor is to radiate knowledge to the young. It's like raising a family," Dr. Peschiera, who has five children, said. "This country needs so much. There can be no 'buts.' We just go forward." SEÑORA LIA LAVALLE DE LEDGARD (6), a pretty woman with an unfaultable figure and a ravishing smile, is, in her way, a pioneer. By writing a regular column, "Home Life," in the newspaper *La Prensa,* she has sharply bent the tradition of established Peruvian families' keeping their women at home, especially if they have five children as Señora Ledgard does. But she has, too, energy, sense, concern, and an understanding husband. "If I can help people, he likes me to," she said. Writing about food, traffic, children, beauty, clothes, she aims at Peru's proliferating middle class. Señora Ledgard sidled up to her work through a social-service theatre group giving playlets to teach the poor, for instance, how to buy a house. The group's success led Señora Ledgard to advertising and television commercials, with her fees going to charity. Her career made itself: She had a message, it got across.

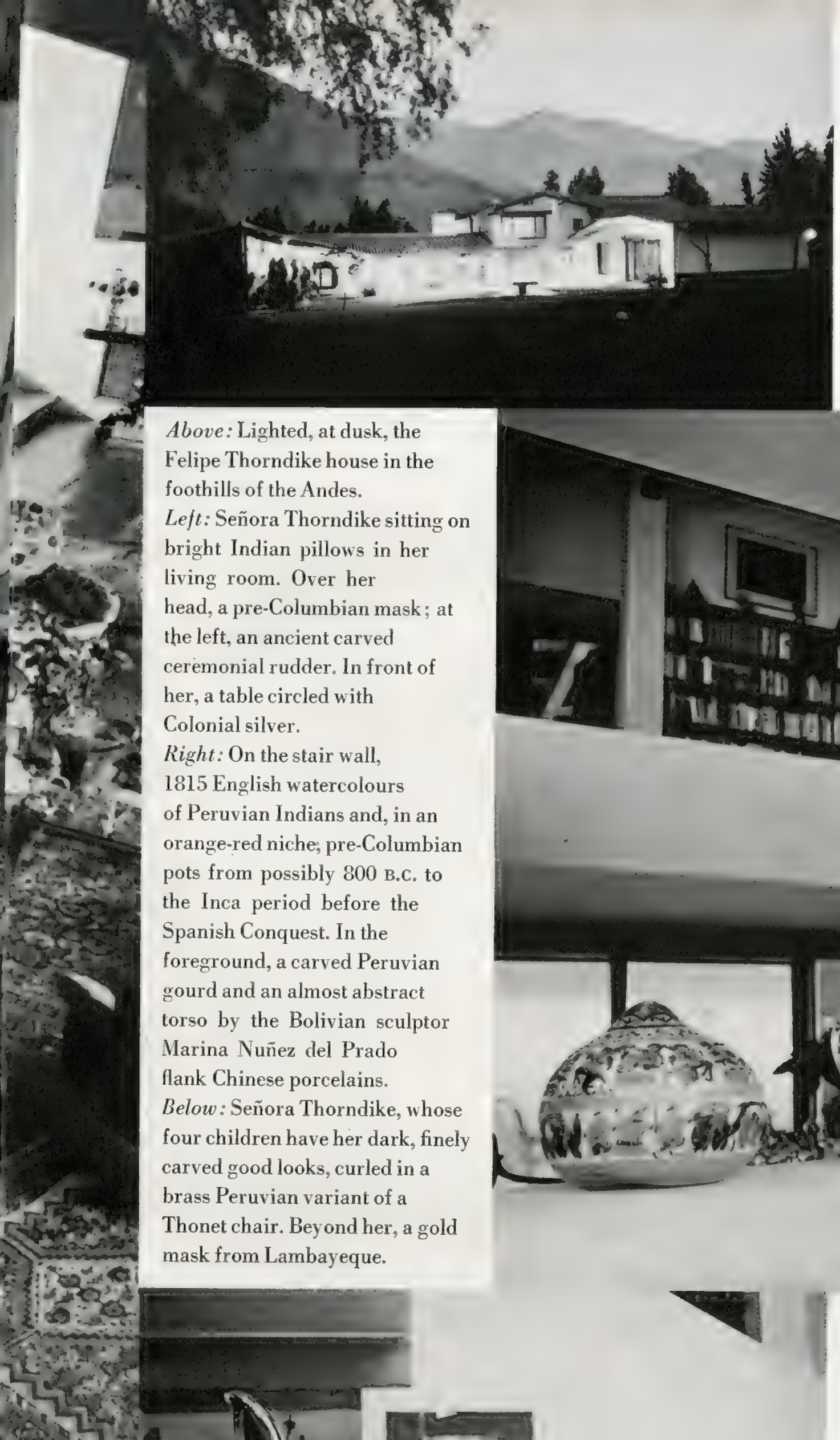
IN PERU: EXPLORERS OF THE ALL-POSSIBLE

JOHN COWAN



SEÑORA MARIA VALDEZ DE THORNDIKE IN HER MOUNTAIN HOUSE ABOVE LIMA

IN PERU: THE OPEN-HEARTED HOUSE



Above: Lighted, at dusk, the Felipe Thorndike house in the foothills of the Andes.
Left: Señora Thorndike sitting on bright Indian pillows in her living room. Over her head, a pre-Columbian mask; at the left, an ancient carved ceremonial rudder. In front of her, a table circled with Colonial silver.
Right: On the stair wall, 1815 English watercolours of Peruvian Indians and, in an orange-red niche, pre-Columbian pots from possibly 800 B.C. to the Inca period before the Spanish Conquest. In the foreground, a carved Peruvian gourd and an almost abstract torso by the Bolivian sculptor Marina Nuñez del Prado flank Chinese porcelains.
Below: Señora Thorndike, whose four children have her dark, finely carved good looks, curled in a brass Peruvian variant of a Thonet chair. Beyond her, a gold mask from Lambayeque.

JOHN COWAN

The good-luck climate of Peru where winter is a myth encourages open, anything-goes plans for living. The Felipe Thorndike house in Chosica, above the cloud-cover of Lima, opens its two-storey living room to a view of the mountains, counters the night snap of air with log fires, the daily sun blaze with an outdoor play of fountains, pools, and waterworks. With its red-tile roof, tile floors, white walls, and thick, carved Spanish Colonial doors, this new house looks settled, timeless, right. Over 2,500 years separate its newest and oldest Peruviana, spanning from pottery of the early culture of Paracas to the paintings of the internationally known Peruvian artist Szyszlo. Most of the handsomest houses in Peru give flickers of Peru's past; few houses mix them with such offhand, appealing dash. Much of the furniture here is Peruvian nineteenth-century (Victorian with provincial bravura) inherited from the family of Señor Thorndike, a lawyer, one of whose forebears emigrated from England to build mountain railways. In this stand of the past a modern Scandinavian chair seems no more a surprise than do drawings and paintings by Segonzac, Matisse, Picasso facing a gold mask about seven hundred years old.







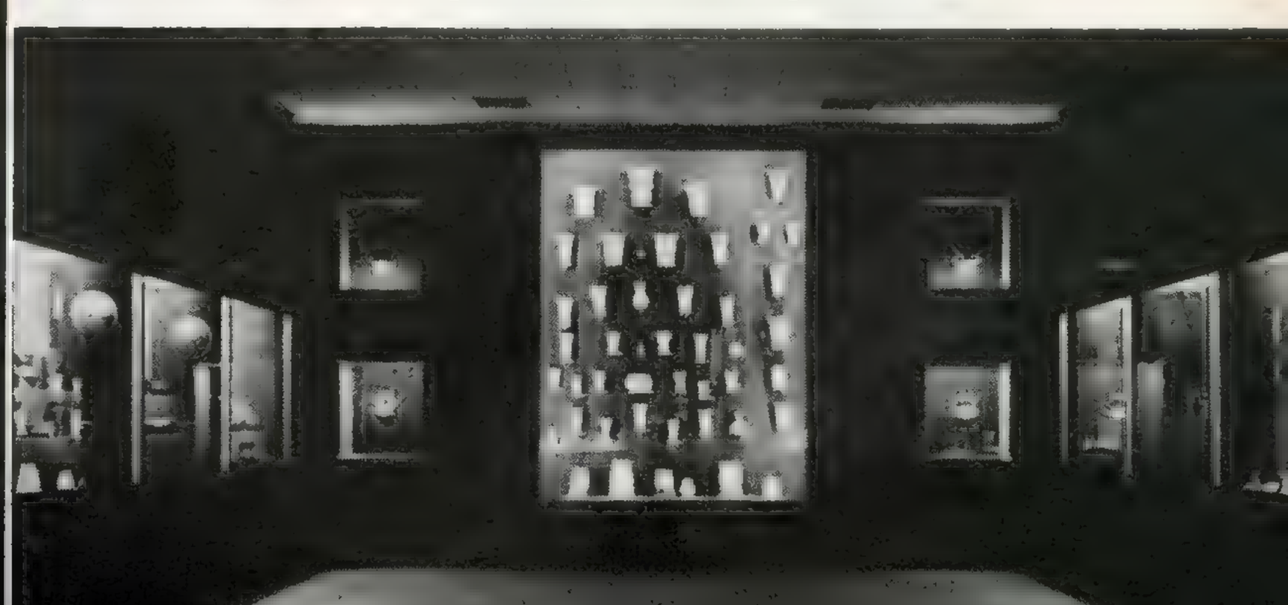
JOHN COWAN

IN PERU: THE GOLDFIRE OF THE PAST

THE MAGNIFICENT PRE-COLUMBIAN GOLD OF MIGUEL MUJICA GALLO

The most extensive and spectacular Peruvian gold collection in the world, the approximately five thousand pieces in the possession of Miguel Mujica Gallo, may be, in addition, the most brilliantly displayed. A tall, strong-featured, amusing, and informed man who, in spite of his welcoming charm, gives the impression of juggernaut power, Señor Mujica is, among his rôles in a stagger of interests, Director of Tourism in Peru. His Museum of the Gold of Peru, a superb draw to the public, stands near his house in a high-walled private park on the outskirts of Lima. This park contains, as well as the gold, Señor Mujica's other and remarkable collections, all in low, severe, discreet buildings that look deceptively like pavilions set among the spiring eucalyptus trees and glades where deer graze. One pavilion, attached to Señor Mujica's house, holds, in a room the size of a young playing field, the overwhelming, almost surreal collection of trophies from his international game hunts. A new pavilion will house his immense arms collection, including ten thousand pre-Columbian copper weapons. Down a flight of steps, underground and behind a steel vault door, lies the treasure of gold. Its value is beyond calculation, but when 550 pieces travelled on exhibition, Señor Mujica said, it took ten insurance companies to cover them. In three large rooms vitrines set into black walls shimmer with golden load. In these deeply hushed caverns the glitter seems almost to have sound.

Above and below: Two views of the Museum of the Gold of Peru. *Left:* Detail of one of the vitrines with, among its wonders, from the top, a Chimú funeral mask shaped from one piece of gold; a Vicus nose ornament of pale gold and turquoise; a Chimú pectoral flanked by two Mochican pendants, mobile flitters of gold; a Nazca velvet belt hung with gold; a magnificent pair of Chimú funerary gloves; a Chimú priest's tunic paved with thirteen thousand pieces of gold; and, right, a rare pointed gold Chimú spear.



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

New York: Hey wow! The pants life.



Left: What a great idea this "pants-with" business. Makes you feel you can cut up—cut loose all over town. Demonstrating here, that great jack-in-the-box, ***Chris Calloway*** and her husband great musician ***Hugh Masekela.*** Chris in navy-and-white pin-dot jersey, three piece—wrap top, A-skirt, wide pants. $54. Splendiferous, 16 E. 56th St., N. Y.



Above: Chris wears her natty beige poplin and Glen-plaid raincoat with Glen-plaid pants. Coat, $50, pants, $17. Both from Latinas, 769 Madison Avenue (where the front door, covered with chrome hub caps, is as handsome as the "merch" inside). . . .

Below: Chris talks it over at Etcetera. What she's got on—black wool jersey tunic, wide pants, white Romeo shirt—very together dressing. $70. Etcetera, 136 E. 57th Street, N. Y.





JACK ROBINSON

Above: "Hold on Huey—I'm coming." . . . Chris Calloway and Hugh Masekela cutting up a corner of Park Avenue—Chris in a pair of the best-cut pants in town —white knit to match a narrow white, gold-and-chrome-embroidered dress. Together, $190. Kiki Boutique, 107 E. 60th St., N. Y.

Right: The grand gesture—Chris points the way to the boutique from whence came her black jersey suspender jump pants. $20. Bedlam, 817 Madison Ave., N. Y.



Above: Chris and Huey and hot dogs—Chris snuggled up in her honey-coloured muffly wool coat, black jersey pants. By Jean Muir. Together, $295. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . .

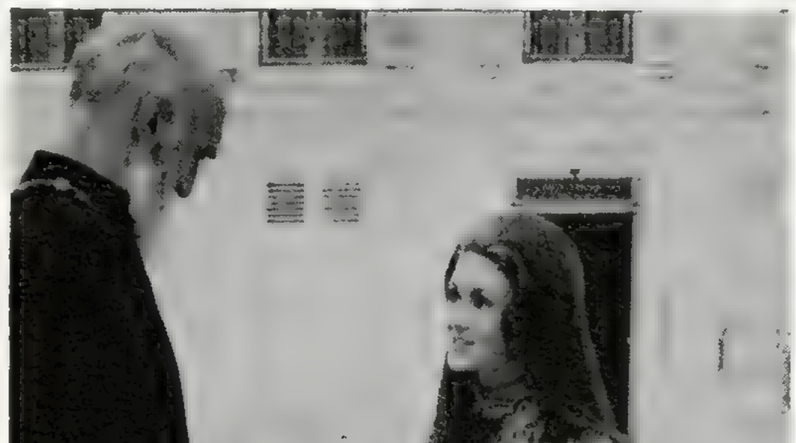
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Paris: Touring the town with Tamara.



Above: That's Tamara Vladimirtseva, dark-blond, blue-eyed, beautiful—a tourist from the U.S.S.R. in Paris while doing a stint as mannequin for Louis Féraud. *She* points the way for the taxi driver, wearing her Russian-designed ruby suède coat with curly lamb pockets. . . .



Below: Tamara inspired this Russian-influenced dress in Louis Féraud's collection—swirly printed silk, cinched in with silver and ruby vinyl. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue in New York. . . .



Below: Dining at the Coq d'Or, Tamara wears swirly-skirted black wool rimmed with yellow ricrac. From Louis Féraud. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue in New York.



Above: Tamara midstream in a Russian chat, wearing, as she whirls around Paris, her Russian-designed dress—bright green with bright red flowers, pleated sleeves of lacquer-red silk. . . .

EWA RUDLING DUTHUIT

Organ transplants

(Continued from page 101)

Burnet of Australia. As Professor Medawar put it, "The mechanism by which foreign skin is eliminated belongs to the general category of actively acquired immune reactions." The lifesaving process that causes a body to recognize invading bacteria as foreign and hostile and to attack and destroy them causes the body to attack and reject transplanted tissues—the body being quite incapable of distinguishing the fact that in the latter case its reaction is suicidal.

The only exceptions to this rule were found to occur in the case of autografts (grafting of tissues from one part to another of the same person's body) or homografts (grafting of tissues from one member to another member of the same species) between identical twins—which are equivalent to autografts since such twins have precisely the same genetic makeup. Human kidney transplantations undertaken in the late 1940's and early 1950's with no efforts made to suppress the immune response were universally rejected, the only variation being in the speed of rejection which increased with the genetic dissimilarity and/or tissue incompatibility of donor and host.

The first successful kidney transplantation was performed in 1954 at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital by Dr. Joseph Murray of Harvard, and of course it involved identical twins. (The recipient not only survived, he went on to marry his nurse.)

What permitted a partial breakthrough and the tremendous increase in the number and success of kidney transplantations in the last ten years was the development of immuno-suppressive drugs, which inhibit the rejection mechanism. Their use, however, was found to be extremely tricky: Not only do they have undesirable side effects, they also weaken the body's natural defenses against infections. Thus a patient may be saved from death by renal failure only to succumb to pneumonia.

Despite these drawbacks the record of renal transplantation is impressive. Some twelve hundred kidney homografts have been performed in the United States, Canada, Latin America, Europe, the Soviet Union, South Africa, and Australia.

Survivals, not involving identical twins, of four and five years have been achieved. Recent data from the University of California School of Medicine, San Francisco, promise initial success for as long as one year in 90 per cent of *all* kidney transplants. Occasionally, a patient rejecting a kidney has benefited by a second transplant.

Further improvements in the administration of immuno-suppressive drugs are possible. At the same time, refinements in the science of tissue matching should succeed in heading off much of the rejection process before it can start, by ensuring that donor and recipient are as compatible as possible. Techniques to preserve the kidney during the interval between its removal from the donor and its implantation in the host offer, among other benefits, the chance to perform tissue tests to assure an optimum match. The perfusion pump, developed at the University of California School of Medicine by Dr. F. O. Belzer, is an example.

In cases of terminal kidney disease, transplantation is increasingly replacing the only alternative lifesaving technique: chronic dialysis on the artificial kidney machine. Transplantation has inherent advantages. A man with a functioning kidney inside him, even though not his own, feels better and is far more independent than the man who must spend twelve hours twice a week, at the hospital or in his home, connected to a machine that washes the impurities out of his system. Also, a child can be saved by a kidney transplant, whereas traditionally children have not been accepted for haemodialysis because certain deficiencies of the procedure prevented their attaining puberty and thus a normal life. The artificial kidney, however, remains an important adjunct to transplantation.

With the help of such apparatus as the Belzer pump and the artificial kidney machine, kidney transplantation has become a thoroughly established clinical procedure. And while it is still too early to state that a renal graft can assure the recipient anything like a normal life span, the outlook for him is increasingly bright. It is possible that perfusion techniques can be adapted to keep a heart or liver in good condition between the time of its excision from the donor and its implantation into the recipient. But there is at present no equivalent to the artificial kidney to prepare a patient for heart or liver transplantation—the two other graftings of major organs that have been given a serious try in human patients up to now.

The liver represents a considerable challenge to transplantation surgeons. It is an enormously complex single organ, a metabolic factory that produces sugars, proteins, enzymes, bile, and directly or indirectly, many hormones and participates in practically every function that the human body performs. Such leaders in the study and practice of liver grafting as Dr. Francis D. Moore at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston and Dr. Thomas Starzl at the University of Colorado have had encouraging results, particularly in children. One report gave both cheering and depressing news. Two small children who had received liver transplants died within twenty-four hours of each other, one of them six months after her surgery. At the same time, a pair of two-year-olds, both at Colorado General Hospital, were apparently doing well with their grafted livers.

Although at present the recipient of a transplanted liver faces much less favourable odds than a kidney transplantee, the odds may well change for the better as further experience is gained. The operation, even if ultimately unsuccessful, at least gave these doomed children a *chance* to live. Adults with such diseases as advanced cirrhosis or primary cancer of the liver may be given a new lease on life by liver transplantation.

Like the liver, the heart is an unpaired organ absolutely essential to life. If a man's heart is removed and another grafted in its place, the new heart *must* function or the patient will die—there exists no artificial heart that can save him. Thus a heart transplant is a rather "heroic" procedure, and the first attempts have received publicity comparable with that which greeted the initial manned space flights.

The new era in cardiac surgery was inaugurated on December 3, 1967, by Dr. Christiaan Barnard in Capetown, South Africa. Only seven months later, twenty-four heart transplants had been performed; and the names of Dr. Barnard and such other pioneers as Dr. Norman Shumway of Stanford and Dr. Denton Cooley of Houston were known around the world. The distribution of the operations was nearly worldwide.

In Capetown, Dr. Philip Blaiberg, the first of the heart transplant patients to survive more than six months, was in-

(Continued on page 148)

Organ transplants

(Continued from page 147)

terviewed for television at his house. Dr. Blaiberg recalled that: "It used to be that I had to fight for every breath; I was never sure that I could take another. Every physical movement, every step walking, was hell. Now I feel wonderful. I sleep well at night, I wake up refreshed. I can enjoy going down to the ocean—I've always loved the sea, you know . . . I don't know how long my new ticker will work. But it will have given me precious days and weeks. And if I should snuff it tomorrow, I will at least do so in comfort."

Such testimony is not impressive to all medical men, some of whom have gone so far as to describe Dr. Barnard's operation as a "crime" and to attack him personally as a publicity seeker. Others have urged that there be a moratorium on further heart transplants until the results of the original cases can be thoroughly studied. But we can expect that heart transplantation will continue to be done; and it will eventually take its rightful place among less sensational operations as a good, bad, or indifferent procedure depending on circumstances.

Dr. Donald Longmore of the National Heart Hospital in London chides some of the detractors of the heart transplantation pioneers for a lack of imagination in regard to new research in the field. He suggests that surgeons ought to go one step better and transplant heart-and-lungs as a unit in every case. "This is important," he wrote in an article in *Science Journal*, "because hearts grow up in mutual adaptation with their lungs and a damaged heart often sets up secondary damage in the lungs."

There have been some attempts to transplant lungs. Unfortunately lungs suffer from denervation, so that they lose their functional elasticity. Overcoming this and other obstacles would offer relief to such invalids as those suffering from pulmonary emphysema, pneumoconiosis (miner's lung), pulmonary hypertension, or even perhaps lung cancer.

The spleen was mentioned earlier as one of the organs that a person could do without, and transplantation of which would therefore be normally uncalled for. However, transplantation of the spleen may prove useful particularly in such blood diseases as hemophilia and other clotting defects. The transplantation of the pancreas (as a cure for diabetes), of the thyroid, parathyroid, ovary, testes—in short, of all the endocrine glands—appears possible in the future, although up to now such grafts have not "taken" well. The possibilities—distinct from the probabilities—of transplantations are such that one of the more sanguine physicians has written that "enough organs can be removed and enough transplanted to virtually reconstruct man out of spare parts."

Where, then, are the spare parts to come from?

AVAILABILITY

The only organ that a *live* person can afford to give without grievous detriment to himself is a kidney. What body of law governs the transplantation of organs from live donors? Very little. If the donor is an adult, he must be of sound mind, his consent must be absolutely free and uncoerced, and he must be fully informed of all risks resulting from his act. If the donor is a minor, his parents or guardian must give *their* free, informed consent. There is a nice ethical question, of course, attending the right of an adult to consent to an operation that conceivably could jeopardize a minor's life when no physical benefit would accrue to that minor. In view of this, many transplantation teams will not accept minors as live donors.

There is a multitude of questions that the law does not cover—there are no relevant statutes and no precedents in court decisions—although legislation is being considered both on a national and state level. For instance, is title transferred with the organ, or does the donor retain title to it? Could a donor recover his kidney if it is rejected by the host or the host dies, or if the donor himself needs it back? Is there an implied warranty that the transplanted kidney is a good one? There has been a case in which the recipient developed cancer of the identical type that killed the donor—the cancer in all probability having been transferred with the kidney. Are the doctors involved in such a case guilty of malpractice?

Can a donor *sell* his kidney? Or his testis? According to Dr. R. Cortesini, Italy's top transplantation specialist, "Up to 1932 there was no problem about using live donors in Italy, but then a case came before the courts concerning a rich man who bought a testis from a young Neapolitan and had it transplanted by a surgeon. As a result, Article 5 of the Common Code of Civil Rights which was promulgated in 1940 forbade the donation of organs or of parts of the body that could produce a permanent deficiency in the donor." In France the law specifically forbids transplantation of organs from live donors, on the ground that it is unethical to maim one person for the benefit of another. The law, however, has never been enforced.

As of this writing, there is no law in the United States that either allows or disallows the sale of organs for transplantation. Since the demand for organs for transplantation is much greater than the supply, there is little to prevent a brisk black market from developing—what would be needed is a highly intelligent and presentable middleman who would "push" kidneys instead of dope. Take a rich man, nearing death from glomerulonephritis; take a healthy young man temporarily down on his luck; get the consent form, the hospital admissions, et cetera, taken care of, and one might earn $100,000—to be split with the donor on a pre-arranged ratio.

Or let's go a step further—or "farther out." You are a young man (or woman) who is tired of living and has decided on suicide. Yet you realize that by committing suicide you will leave your family unprovided for. You have a perfectly good heart. There is a man at a local hospital waiting for a suitable heart transplant, who can afford to pay a high price for a new lease on life. You make the necessary arrangements with the middleman, ensuring that your family will benefit handsomely by your death, then you commit suicide at a pre-arranged time and place—preferably the emergency room of the hospital where the prospective recipient is lying. Science fiction? Not really.

If the legal situation is cloudy with respect to live organ donors, it is even less clear with respect to the use of organs from cadavers—which, of course, are the only acceptable source for transplantation of vital unpaired organs such as the liver or heart. To the unprejudiced—religiously or otherwise—person, there seems to be an inherent absurdity in the fact that a person may donate his kidney while he is alive—and die to regret it—and in many states may not provide in his will that his kidneys and other organs may be excised from his body for transplantation—when obviously they no longer are of any use to him.

The rules in the various states differ drastically. In some, you may will your body to medi-

cal science—for transplantation, dissection, or whatever—but such can only be carried out with the explicit consent of the next of kin. If, after your death, your next of kin objects, their wishes prevail over yours. In other states, the wishes of the deceased *are* respected. Thus in California you can, by a simple written declaration, give permission for dissection of your body and removal of your organs after death, and this permission will override any objections by your relations.

If transplantation is to be offered to the greatest number of patients who might benefit from it, the use of cadaver organs must be made standard. The best solution to this would seem to be an act such as that recently proposed in Parliament in England, providing that: "in any licensed hospital it shall be lawful to remove from a dead person any organ required for medical or scientific purposes unless the hospital authorities have reason to believe that the deceased in his lifetime has forbidden this to be done. This right can not be abrogated by surviving spouse or next of kin."

Speed is essential in transferring an organ from a cadaver to a live host. Such critical organs as the kidney, the liver, the heart must be removed from the deceased within thirty to forty-five minutes after death, or they are too deteriorated to be of any use.

The fact that, to be of any use, organs transplanted from a cadaver have to be taken so soon after the donor's death has placed a new critical emphasis on the definition of just when *is* a person dead. From the days of the Australophithecine almost to the days of the astronauts, it was assumed that a man was dead only when his heartbeat and his respiration ceased. At that point the medicine man or the medical man washed his hands of the case, and released his ex-patient to heaven or hell, or to reincarnation.

This is no longer the case. There are machines and techniques that will keep a person going when by all natural standards he or she should be dead. This can be both admirable and deplorable. There have been countless cases in which artificial circulation, respiration, and feeding have kept a patient alive who had sufficient vitality left within him so that he recovered to lead a normal life.

Let us quote Dr. J. Hamburger, director of the Claude Bernard Institute of Research and Chief of the Renal Unit at the Hospital Necker in Paris. "It should be made clear to non-medical people that a majority of unconscious patients will recover, even if they have had to be maintained on artificial respirators. Therefore it is essential to distinguish which of them are neurologically dead. This is not only for transplantation purposes. Hundreds of patients in neurosurgical and other departments are now kept alive by artificial means with no hope that they will recover. For practical purposes we need to know when there is no further possibility of recovery and when the artificial means may be stopped."

How, then, is the physician to decide that an individual is dead and his organs may therefore be removed for transplantation? What *is* death? "Death is nothing by itself, it is only the cessation of life," wrote Dr. Gunnar Biörch of Serafimer Lasarettet in Stockholm.

Perhaps the problem ought to be phrased this way: "When is a man dead as a *human being?*" Theologian, lawyer, physician, and layman will almost unanimously answer, "when his brain is irrevocably dead." For what makes a man Man? Not his human body, which can be outrun by a wolf, out-soared by a hawk, out-swum by a porpoise, out-lived by a tortoise, and outraged by a tiger. Man is Man because of his brain, his only claim to dominance over his fellow animals. When a man's brain is dead for once and all, he ceases to be a human being, even though other signs of life, such as respiration or circulation, may be present. Indeed, a man whose brain is dead but whose other vital functions continue to operate, either spontaneously or through artificial assistance, is not only less than a human, he is less than an animal, since the faculties of sensation, perception, emotion, which characterize animal life, are no longer present.

Such a man's life is merely "vegetable"—as such living corpses are uncharitably but accurately described. Rightly or wrongly, the moral injunction against killing applies only to *human* life. It may be argued therefore that by ending the vegetative life of an individual who has ceased to exist as a human, the doctor no more commits murder than does the logger who fells a tree or the gardener who uproots a weed.

Religious authorities—Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Baptist, Jewish, Methodist, and others—queried for this report on their attitude towards acceptance of "brain death" as a sufficient criterion to permit removal of a vital organ prior to cessation of heartbeat or circulation, have indicated that they *would* accept cessation of cerebral function as the index of death provided there were certainty that it was irreversible. This again throws the baby back into the physician's lap.

Pinpointing the precise "moment of death" is probably impossible, even using "brain death" as the criterion. A flat EEG can be misleading: At the Ciba Foundation Symposium on Ethics in Medical Progress, held in London in 1966, Dr. Hamburger testified that "at least two cases in Paris were observed to have a flat EEG for several hours, followed by complete recovery; in both cases the coma was due to severe barbiturate poisoning." To which Dr. G. P. J. Alexandre of Belgium added, "If a gas embolism occurs in heart surgery, the patient can have a flat EEG and it seems that some patients have recovered. But those patients do not fulfill the other four conditions, nor do they have craniocerebral injuries, which I think is a very different situation."

Indeed it is. The patient who has suffered a severe "craniocerebral" injury, whether from an external cause such as an automobile accident or a bullet wound or from an internal trauma such as a subarachnoid hematoma, ought to be diagnosed by a competent neurosurgeon as either redeemable or—even though capable of being maintained indefinitely at a vegetative level—irrevocably "brain dead" and therefore *dead*. The essential facts to establish are what types and/or extents of cerebral injuries doom a person to death or to a merely vegetative life. This *can* be decided on the basis of previous medical experience and should be made the criterion for use of organs from the newly deceased. Of course, lest the prospective donor's interests be prejudiced by an over-eager transplantation team, the certification of his death *must* be made by *his* physician not by the transplanters.

One possibility that has not been touched on in this discussion up to this point is that of heterotransplantation—the grafting into humans of organs from *other species*. There have been attempts in this direction, that have met with partial success. One man, for instance, lived for a time after implanta-

(Continued on page 150)

(Continued from page 149)

tion of a chimpanzee's kidney. The basic problem in heterotransplantation is that the immune reaction is much more violent than in homotransplantation. It is most violent between unrelated species—a dog and a goat, a sheep and a man, for instance. It is less swift between related species—a dog and a coyote, or a chimpanzee and a man.

The avenue to success in heterotransplantation will be increasingly effective management of the rejection mechanism. Many physicians are quite optimistic that such management can be attained and look forward to the day domestic animals will provide all the organs that can be needed for transplantation into man. Such a development, naturally, would obviate many of the legal and ethical difficulties about the use of human organs.

There is also a sizable body of medical opinion that holds that transplantation of live organs is but a phase in medicine that will end when prosthetic devices are developed to take the place of these live organs: artificial kidneys, hearts, livers that can actually be implanted into a man.

In review, we note that transplantation of organs is becoming increasingly possible, that more different kinds of organs are being transplanted, and that this progress is likely to continue. We believe that certain changes in the law, and in the definition of death, may further enhance the success of transplantation and make the whole procedure much more widely available.

JUSTIFIABILITY

One fact is indisputable: From a purely physio-medical standard, removal of a healthy organ from a live donor is completely unjustifiable as far as the donor is concerned.

The operation confers upon him *no* physical benefit. Quite to the contrary it does him positive harm, it maims him, and it even exposes him to a risk of death. It is argued of course that the resulting disability from removal of a kidney is small to nil, that the operative risk is minimal, and that the patient's life expectancy is negligibly affected. All of which is true. Nevertheless, it is also a fact that the kidney donor for a while at least suffers appreciable discomfort; that any major abdominal operation is dangerous and that it is statistically certain that, sooner or later, a healthy kidney donor is going to die on the operating table or from post-operative complications; and that, although one kidney can do the work of two, if a donor's remaining kidney should one day fail him, he may then sorely rue his past generosity. Thus the use of a live donor in a kidney transplantation runs counter to one of the most hallowed precepts of medicine: *primum non nocere*—above all, do no harm.

The argument is also made that a person's donation of his kidney is ethically equivalent to the act of a man who runs into a burning house to rescue the occupants, or a woman who dives into raging surf to save a drowning child, or the soldier who risks his own neck in battle to save the life of his buddy. The comparison is somewhat spurious. The man, the woman, the soldier—*their* acts of heroism are instantaneous, instinctive, and individual. The transaction involved in taking a kidney from a live donor is none of these. There is time for premeditation and soul-searching by both donor and donee. There must necessarily be collusion by third, and perhaps fourth, parties: The third parties being the medical teams involved, who must transgress the precept of *primum non nocere* on the somewhat casuist assumption that the risk to the giver is far outweighed by the potential benefit of the taker, and the fourth party, in a case when the donor and donee are blood relatives, being the other members of the family who may or may not have exerted pressure upon the donor.

This last factor is crucial—and has caused much agonizing soul-searching on the part of doctors.

As a safeguard, the donor is subjected to psychiatric investigation to determine just how free and voluntary his donation is. If there is any reason to suspect that the prospective donor is under external pressure—familial or pecuniary or even from his own psychological make-up—he will be disqualified with the face-saving reason given that he/she and the donee have incompatible tissue types. One prospective donor embroiled in such a familial predicament told his psychoanalyst, "Well, thank God for that. That ought to keep the family off my back!"

In the experience of Dr. Samuel L. Kountz of the University of California School of Medicine, the best relationships between donor and recipient occur between mother and child, and unrelated donor and donee—and often the worst between brother and brother, sister and sister, or brother and sister.

Thus the question is still very moot about the propriety of using live donors. Yes, the chances for success are best if you transplant a kidney from an identical twin to his brother. Yes, they are fairly good between blood relations. Yes, they can be quite good, with modern techniques of tissue matching and use of immunosuppressive drugs, between a live donor and completely unrelated recipient.

The fact remains that there are alternatives to the use of kidneys from live donors. There is of course the artificial kidney, the disadvantages of which were mentioned earlier with the exception that its most serious drawback is the fact that there are not enough of the machines to go around. There is also the use of the cadaver kidney. Take all of these in conjunction: the development of tissue typing beyond the present situation when only thirty tissue factors or so have been identified, of which perhaps ten or twelve may be vital; further developments of the profusion system, permitting the to-all-practical-purposes indefinite preservation of cadaver organs; changes in the law as suggested earlier that would make cadaver organs much more widely available; and a nationwide organ pool and administrative organization that could, for instance, relay the information from Bangor, Maine, to Flagstaff, Arizona, that there was an organ available in Bangor almost exactly corresponding to the organ needed in Flagstaff, and shall we speed it to you by jet?

Given all this—and discounting future use of heterotransplants and prosthetic devices—can use of the live donor still be accepted? Pragmatically, the answer is yes—at least in the United States. But progress in transplantation techniques seems certain so to minimize, if not to cancel, the relative advantages of organs taken from live donors that the ethical considerations will become transcendent and the use of such organs will not be necessary.

What of the less time-tested (or more "experimental") operations, such as a heart or liver transplantation? These early heart transplant attempts have been condemned by a considerable number of perhaps jealous surgeons as premature experimentations with human subjects. Experimentations they doubtless were—and the percentage of survivals has been rather low. And yet, as Harvard's Dr. Fran-

cis D. Moore has written, "All of medicine is in a sense experimental. . . . No one can ever take for granted his mastery over nature. . . . An open incision bares large areas of sterile human tissue to the invasive bacteria of the surrounding world. . . . If performed properly, the tissues will heal without infection; if faults and breaks occur, there is infection. Soon after Pasteur and Lister showed the bacterial nature of infection, it became obvious that 'every surgical operation is an experiment in bacteriology.'

"When we turn from these everyday uncertainties of medicine and surgery to the more troublesome aspects of entirely new treatments for critical illness, . . . the same experimental aspects are there, but now uncertainty is accentuated. The doctor can no longer tell his patient the chances of success or failure, because he does not know them himself—nor can he minimize the risk."

Dr. Barnard's first South African patients, grocer Louis Washkansky and dentist Philip Blaiberg, were both almost dead from heart failure. Each was aware of this, each was informed that a heart transplantation *might* save his life, but that the procedure was so new that it could very well end fatally; each gave his consent. Did Washkansky's death eighteen days after surgery prove the "experiment" unethical? Does Blaiberg's survival for more than six months after *his* operation argue to the contrary?

At the recent conference of the American College of Cardiologists in San Francisco, Dr. Barnard called his talk, "Are Heart Transplantations Premature?" The answer to this, he stipulated, depended on the answers to three other questions:

1. Is there a need for this type of surgery for this particular patient? He then gave evidence to support the allegation that both Washkansky and Blaiberg were so far gone that *only* a transplantation could avert imminent death.

2. Has the operating technique been developed, through experiments on animals and human cadavers, to the point that it can be applied to patients with no more than reasonable risk? He indicated that up to the date of his talk every heart transplant patient had survived the operation itself.

3. Is the transplantation team knowledgeable enough to recognize complications (*i.e.*, rejection symptoms) as they arise and to deal with them effectively? To this question also, speaking of his own team's experience, Dr. Barnard gave a qualified affirmative answer.

Is, then, transplantation justified from the point of view of the recipient? The layman's answer—and that of most physicians—would be yes, provided the patient's own failing organ is beyond repair, his other organs still basically sound, his mental attitude optimistic, and the operating team sufficiently expert. This brings up an ironic point, which we will mention in passing. A man's chance of surviving a heart transplantation, for instance, would be greatly improved if he were subjected to it *before* his general condition had become desperate. And yet, as of now, the procedure is so risky that only the already moribund are accepted as candidates.

Finally, what is society's stake in the development of transplantation? This is a question that neither the medical profession, nor the law, nor organized religion, can decide. It is a question that society *as a whole* must ponder and decide for itself.

Society *as a whole* must decide if the tremendous investment of money, facilities, and talent in transplantation research and practice is a wise allocation of its resources. A conservative estimate of the actual hospital cost of a heart transplant operation is $50,000 to $60,000—not including any repayment of the costs of research that made the operation possible. A kidney transplant costs between $10,000 and $20,000. According to Dr. Kountz, there are perhaps twenty-thousand patients a year who could benefit by a kidney transplant. A program to make such a transplant available to all who need them would thus cost from $200,000,000 to $400,000,000 a year—and, according to Dr. Kountz, would pre-empt the full-time services of every nephrologist in the United States. Only a small minority of patients can afford to pay for such operations from their own resources. Society will have to pick up the tab for the rest.

There is of course the possibility that transplantation research may yield collateral benefits that might outweigh the direct results. The Washkansky case, for instance, has brought to light wholly unexpected evidence of the steroids' influence on the pancreas. According to Dr. Belzer, immunological research itself just may lead to a cure for cancer. A similar argument has been used to justify the immense costs of the space program.

If society resolves that it can not afford to make transplantation available to all who might need it—or if it decides that its resources would be better spent in preventive medicine that could head off the need for transplantation in many cases—then society must also decide who are to be the chosen few whose organ grafts it will subsidize and what criteria it will apply in their selection. It is not proper for society to abdicate its responsibility and place the whole burden of this choice on the shoulders of the physicians involved.

Human overpopulation is increasingly being recognized as the greatest threat to the future of *all* life on this planet. In view of this, is it reasonable to seek to keep alive by extraordinary means large numbers of semi-invalids? The answer, obviously, is no, and the thrust in transplantation surgery is not to prolong the lives of patients in their waning years, but to offer a chance of life to the young and the very young. "I am now thinking about a seven-year-old boy who needs a transplant if he is to go on," Dr. Shumway said.

Finally, society as a whole, and medicine in particular, must decide for itself, what is the ultimate purpose of medicine? As Dr. Wassermann of Karl Bremer Hospital and University of Stellenbosch, South Africa, put it, "In viewing death as a problem, medicine sets itself an insoluble problem; any approach to this 'problem' tends to resolve itself in an answer like $\sqrt{1}$. . . . Death is . . . a natural phenomenon which occurs with absolute certainty, and is therefore no more of a problem than other natural phenomena, *e.g.*, the setting of the sun.

"Medical education," he goes on, "at present ill prepares the doctor for a realistic approach to death. . . . Discussion of death is avoided and an ever-optimistic approach is fostered. The physician's attitude towards the phenomenon of death is conditioned to become that of a crusader against an invincible enemy."

If physicians are unrealistic in their attitude towards death, it is understandable that the layman should be also. Perhaps we all, physician and layman alike, need to remind ourselves that death *is* unconquerable, that it is not necessarily an enemy and can sometimes be a friend—and that the purpose of medicine is not to *conquer death* but to bring *comfort* to *life*.



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Beauty bulletin

(Continued from page 104)

malizer-Shake-It. Under the eyes: a light blending of Laszlo's Phelitone Cream—the blush colour. . . . For day makeup this would be the total base. For evening Mrs. Cooper adds a theatrical stick makeup—pale tawny beige—smoothed on with a natural sponge saturated in cool water, squeezed almost dry; this goes on in a thin thin layer all over face, neck, ears.

For shading she uses a slightly darker shade of the same stick makeup, putting it on with a clean sponge and "sort of mixing them—but not too dark. It's awfully tricky and you have to experiment; you put shading wherever you want to minimize, from the cheekbone down . . . I use a band of it under my chin, just a stripe, and a little bit on the top of my nose."

The next step is rouge—Laszlo's orange tone because it never fades and "pink always goes funny on my skin." Three dots on the cheekbones and one high on the forehead; then blend with a sponge that still has a bit of makeup on it . . . "I use a hand mirror for all this."

With an eyebrow pencil (theatrical) Mrs. Cooper draws a line from the outer edge of the lid straight across the top of the lashes—"I make it quite black, and then I powder it immediately because one of the reasons eyeliner smudges is its tendency to be greasy or oily; it melts as the evening goes on . . . powder makes it stay.

"One can't be shy about powder—mine is dead white; I use a kind of felt puff and saturate it with powder, then press it carefully and totally all over lids, face, lashes, mouth and ears." The great trick here is not only the largesse of powder but letting it set for a few minutes. Then, using an enormous complexion brush, Mrs. Cooper whisks away all the excess, still leaving lots on her eyelashes—it acts as a thickener and blotter for mascara.

And mascara it is that goes on next—the creamy kind that comes in a tube. Mrs. Cooper squeezes some out on the glass top of her dressing table, puts it on with a French brush that's toothbrush-thick. Taking a smaller brush, she colours "every single eyebrow. Makes them look thicker, and you never get the look of pencil." . . . She does, however, use a pencil to extend her eyebrows.

"Then I use the lash curler which is the most important thing of all. First, I brush on more of the white powder so my lashes are coated white. Curl each lash to a count of 60; then immediately repeat mascara with the same brush used for eyebrows. Put on as much as you can without beading."

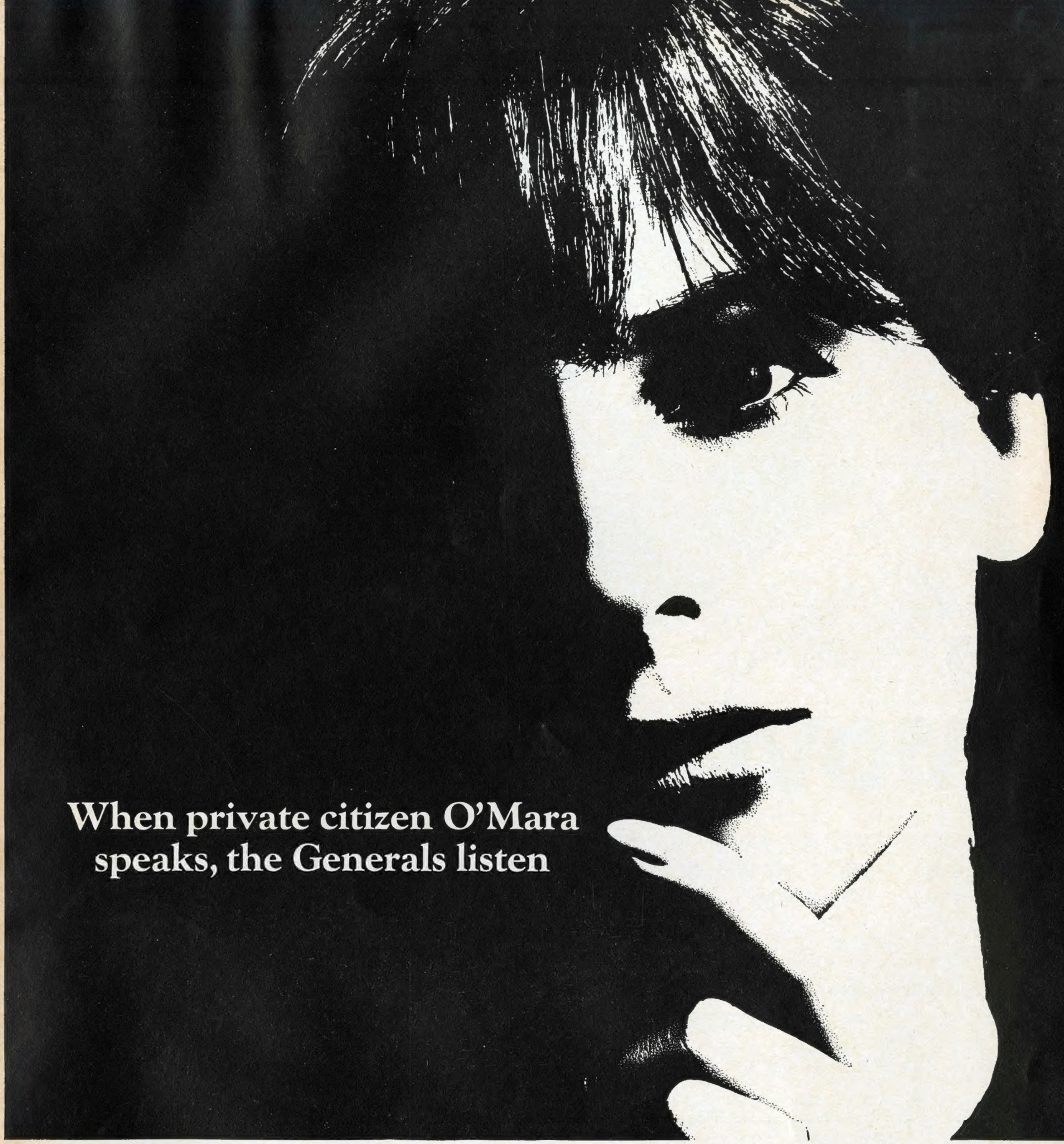
Cocoa-brown powdered eye shadow next—from lashes to eyebrow: "it makes the lid sink back and gives it definition." On the lower lid, eyeliner; in the corner of the eye, three dots of white stick makeup.

One last brush and a peachy blusher does the final touch-ups on rouge and shading. Then Mrs. Cooper applies—straight from the stick—a theatrical lipstick. Most evenings, that's it. Occasionally she outlines her mouth with a plain lipstick liner picked up in a health food store.

And from that moment till the end of the gayest, most exciting evening, Mrs. Cooper never has to look in a mirror, never gives the most flickering thought to her makeup. Looking *at* her remains for the same timespan the joy it is on page 104.

TIPS WE'RE GLAD WE'VE LEARNED:

A good show-biz makeup mirror with light bulbs all around it is great but not wildly aesthetic. Every bit as good: two lamps on the dressing table, each with a 100 watt bulb; nip off the shades and you have all the light you need. (When there's daylight, however, make up by daylight.) . . . Sponges can be kept sweet and clean if they're washed immediately after using in powdered detergent and liquid soap. . . . Clutter is absolutely unnecessary; Mrs. Cooper hasn't a single jar, box, brush, or pencil she doesn't use, and everything is as organized as a chemist's—attractively. . . . Forty minutes is not too long to spend on a makeup this great and the whole operation is a pleasant, cheering prelude to a good time.



When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

General Foods, General Motors, General Mills *better* pay attention to the likes of Mrs. O'Mara. Because she—and *you*—buy only the brands you like. And drop the ones you don't.

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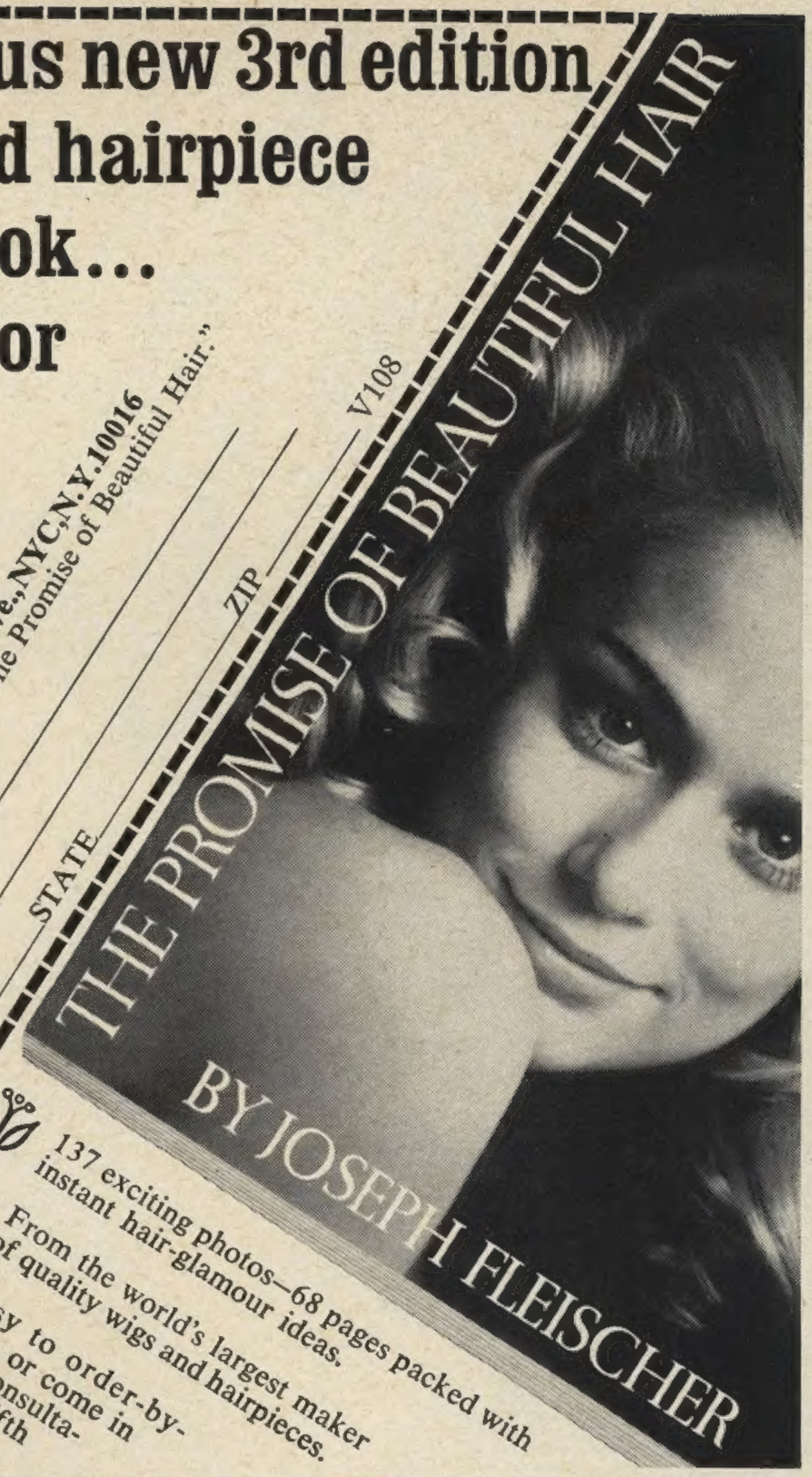
Yet, strangely enough, there are well-meaning people in this country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs. O'Mara is confused by *too much* choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 36 different kinds of cars. Reduce the choice, they say. Wouldn't four kinds of cake mix be enough? Standardize the products. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum-nut mix—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

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Plisetskaya . . .

(Continued from page 68)

"The phone rings: Moscow calling! It's her husband! Torrents of Russian, from which four understandable words suddenly surface: 'El Tropicano Motor Otel.' Her husband wants to be remembered to Dick—he loves Dick's photographs, has the one of her in the coq feather headdress in his study. Everybody loves everybody!

"Later: She changes so fast that she is suddenly back in the studio and none of the photographic crew is there. . . . 'Evereeebodeee come een!' she shouts, gaily. She is humorous, amused—not a bit put out. The clicking resumes. . . . Now she's sitting on a stool, wearing a long black velvet dress. 'She likes this dress,' says the interpreter. She's looking very mediaeval . . . pensive . . . waiting for somebody or something. She responds instantly to Dick's suggestions, with no translation. She looks suddenly very young, adorable, beguiling.

"Dick: 'You can't shoot fast enough when it's like this. . . . If I had to pick one woman I really want to photograph forever—in any condition, at any age—she'd be the one. She really transcends everything.'

"A break for supper—her supper, as otherwise she won't have time to eat before the performance. I say to the interpreter, 'But doesn't she have to rest before the performance?' To which the interpreter replies, simply, 'Heavens, no.' . . . She's sitting on a sofa with a tray in front of her, eating cold chicken, dark bread, salad, grapes, tea with lemon. Through the interpreter, she chats genially. . . . She likes New York, sees more of it every time she comes here. She goes to dance places, stays out till 5 A. M., otherwise she never gets to see anybody. She loves to watch the dancing but doesn't do it herself. . . . Popping grapes into her mouth. . . . She likes the new Met, but finds it less theatrical than the old one; more of a concert hall. . . . She has seen, on this trip, *Hello Doly* (her pronunciation), *Hairrr* (ditto), the Martha Graham and Balanchine dance companies.

"Supper is over. 'Deeck!' Now, a sleeveless tunic with a yoke of brilliants. She raises her arms over her head, flexes her fingers, looks very serious; the Dying Swan. . . . Dick is waving his arms. Her arms rise slowly—wave—flutter—her hands droop over like dying pinions—her neck bends, her head droops. One's heart is constricted with tragedy. . . . Suddenly it's over—a flashing, gay smile, a burst of applause! She's leaning forward, laughing. . . . There is something very gentle about her; gentleness, humour—yet fiery. Everything is fleeting. . . ."

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 92-93; other views, yardages, details)



Above left: The dress that goes everywhere—Vogue Pattern 7439. "Easy to Make." Sizes 8-16. Pattern has contrast or self stole. For size 12: 2⅛ yds. of 54″ fabric with or without nap. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65. *Above right:* Wide flaring jumper—Vogue Pattern 7419. "Easy to Make." Sizes 8-16. Pattern includes contrast scarf. For size 12: 1⅞ yds. of 54″ fabric with or without nap. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

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"Aren't you wearing tweed on Tweed ( ) ?"



This Fall's fashion-message is Tweed: in the clothes you wear and in the air. Brilliant designer Sylvia de Gay took one sniff, one whiff of Lenthéric's famous Tweed fragrance and created the first Tweed collection for Country Set. A whole new breed of tweed: for cocktails as well as the country, for candlelight as well as the noonday sun. Here, one example of her approach: a brown-and-white tattersall skirt, topped with sleek brown jersey. The way to wear all this tweed by-the-yard? With Tweed by Lenthéric. Timeless. Timely. With all the pizzazz and pow of now. Saucy. Spicy. Spark-ly. Astir with excitement. Tweed. What more could a smart girl need?

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